A METHODIST MISSIONARY IN LABRADOR

ARMINIUS YOUNG

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A METHODIST MISSIONARY IN LABRADOR

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REV. ARMINIUS YOUNG
Missionary to Labrador, (1903-1905)

A Methodist Missionary in Labrador

BY

THE REV. ARMINIUS YOUNG

Who spent two years in Labrador as a missionary
of the Methodist Church, Canada.

Publishers,
MESSRS. S. AND A. YOUNG.

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By Rev. Arminius Young

Introduction

In these days of strife and bloodshed it is good to be reminded that "peace hath her vietories no less renowned than war," and it is inspiring to find that in the quest of the Kingdom of Heaven men show as much courage as in the conquest of the earth.

We are looking about in this strenuous time for some moral equivalent of war to be the battleground of heroism in the future years.

This modest volume, presented to us by the Rev. Arminius Young, reveals a field of endeavour where heroes are made and cowards are broken. Those who succeed endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Of the pioneers some still remain with us, such as John T. Newman and A. A. Holmes, of the Newfoundland Conference, and Selby Jefferson, now of the Hamilton Conference.

This book will not only be of great interest on account of the information it gives of Labrador and the customs of its people, about which most of us know but little, but it will also be a spiritual tonic to all who read it. May its readers not be few.

S. D. CHOWN.

Toronto, November 21, 1916.

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Preface

In sending forth this book to the public, the author is conscious of many limitations. He lays no claim to literary merit, but as he has gathered his information at first hand he hopes that the reader will see in the following pages a correct picture of Labrador life and of the work which is being carried on there by the Methodist Church. This is the first written account of the work of our Church in Labrador; this justifies sending forth the book and its appeal. The author has tried to tell the story of his experience on the bleak shore in a simple and interesting style. How well he has succeeded the reader must judge for himself.

If this little book gives a better understanding of and arouses a deeper interest in the people of Labrador, and in the land itself, which no doubt holds some promise for the future, the author will be amply rewarded.

My thanks are due Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Stephenson for preparing the manuscript for the press; to the Rev. W. T. D. Dunn for reading the first four or five chapters in manuscript form and offering valuable suggestions; and to the Revs. A. A. Holmes and Ezra Broughton for the loan of many of the pictures used in the illustrations.

I send forth the book with a prayer that it may do good.

ARMINIUS YOUNG.

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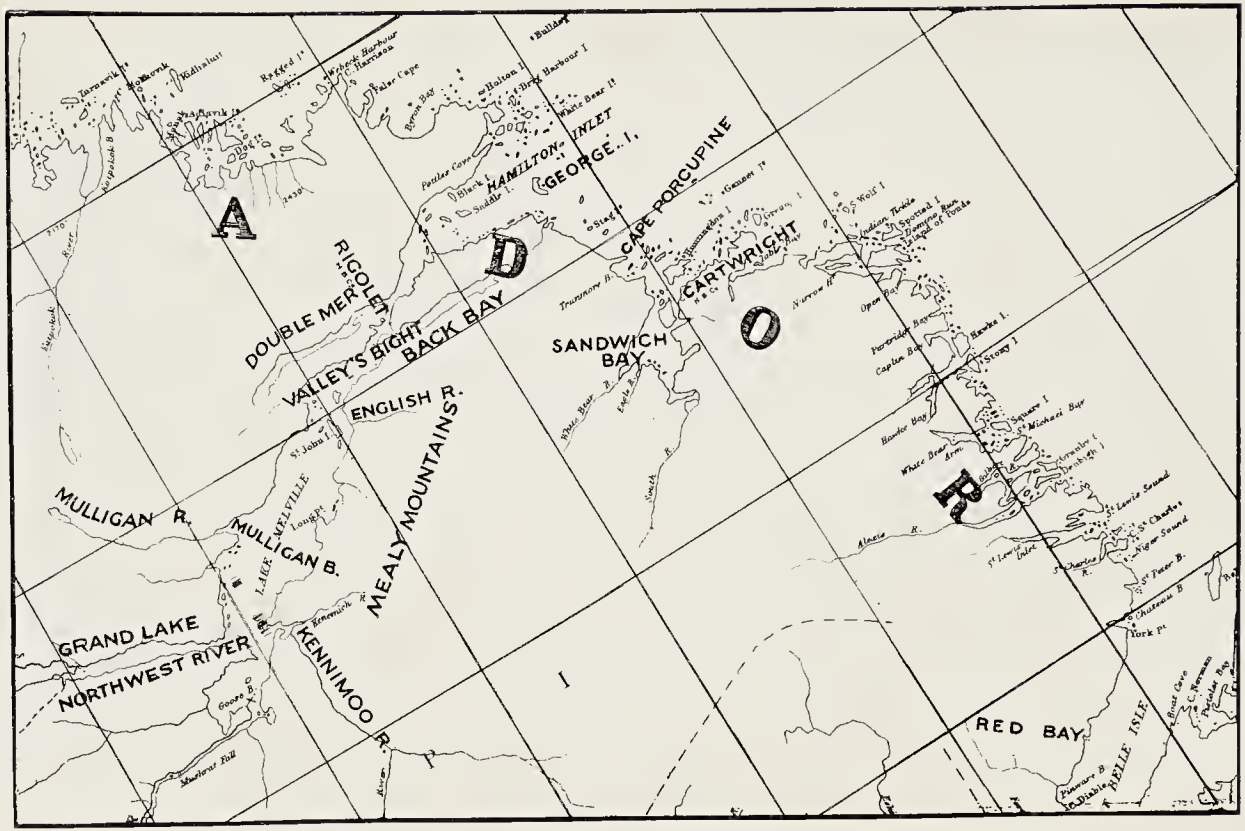


HAMILTON INLET AND SANDWICH BAY METHODIST MISSION, LABRADOR

Showing the Places Visited by Mr. Young

A Methodist Missionary in Labrador

CHAPTER I.

LABRADOR AND ITS PEOPLE

Labrador is a large peninsula of British North America, formed by the Atlantic and Hudson's Bay, and separated from Newfoundland by the Straits of Belle Isle. The interior of this vast peninsula, especially its northern section, is practically unknown. It is such a bleak and desolate country that even the Indians, because of the scarcity of game in recent years, have forsaken certain parts of it. Notwithstanding this, some attempts have been made in the way of exploration.

Mr. A. P. Lowe, of the Canadian Geological Survey, some years ago, explored the Hamilton or Grand River region, which terminates in Lake Michikamau. This river, which is one of the largest in Labrador, flows into the head waters of Hamilton Inlet. "Its source is among the lakes on the interior plateau, from which it flows south-east for many miles; then sweeps north-east to the end of Hamilton Inlet. The tributaries of the lake forming the head waters of the Grand River connect

it directly with Lake Michikamau, the largest lake in eastern Labrador."

In 1903, Leonidas Hubbard and Dillon Wallace, with George Elson, an Indian guide, attempted to cross the country from Hamilton Inlet to Ungava. Their plan was not to go along the Grand River to Lake Michikamau, as Mr. Lowe had done, but to take the route entering at the north side of Hamilton Inlet by Grand Lake, and proceed up the Nascaupee River to Lake Michikamau, then down the George River to Ungava. This route is shorter than the Grand River route, although it is more rugged and desolate. Owing to the absence of game, the Indians have not used this route for many years.

The Nascaupee River flows into Grand Lake seven miles below its extreme western end. The party followed the route marked on that part of Mr. Lowe's map which was drawn from hearsay and corroborated by many of the natives, passed the mouth of the Nascaupee River, and entered the wild by Susan River at the extreme end of the lake. This mistake not only prevented the explorers from carrying out their purpose, but cost Mr. Hubbard, the leader of the party, his life. They pressed up the Susan Valley, across portages, and over hills, for nearly two hundred miles, until they came within sight of Lake Michikamau. Here they were wind-bound, and owing to the lateness of the season,

scarcity of food, and lack of warm clothing, they were compelled to return.

During this retreat they met their great disaster. Within thirty-five miles of Grand Lake, Mr. Hubbard was obliged to abandon the hope of going farther until he had rested and regained strength from fresh supplies of food. In order to obtain relief for him his brave companions, Wallace and Elson, were compelled to leave him with nothing to eat and in a sinking condition. Their efforts were futile; for when the relief party reached him Mr. Hubbard had passed to the Great Beyond, while Mr. Wallace barely escaped with his life.

Two years later two exploring parties, one led by Mr. Wallace and the other by Mrs. Hubbard, widow of the ill-fated explorer, and her guide George Elson, successfully crossed the country by the Nascaupee route to Ungava. He and Wallace had profited by the terrible experiences of their previous trip. Mrs. Hubbard's success was a surprise to those who had any knowledge of the country and the difficulties involved. "It was perhaps the greatest achievement in exploration ever accomplished by a woman." Mrs. Hubbard completed the journey from Hamilton Inlet to Ungava in sixty-one days, and returned home by the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer in October.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Wallace lost the trail some distance from Grand Lake, he did not complete the

journey in such good time. That he attempted the task after suffering so much on his previous trip proved that he possessed the heroic spirit of all real explorers. Mr. Wallace remained at Ungava until winter set in, then travelled south along the coast by komatik and dogs to Quebec—a long, cold and dreary journey of about two thousand miles.

Labrador has a rugged and desolate coast-line extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Hudson's Strait, a distance of eleven hundred miles. It is indented with many safe and beautiful harbors and lined with numerous islands which serve as shelter to many thousands of fishermen during the summer months. It is practically cut off from the rest of the world for at least seven months in the year.

A mail steamer, beginning some time in June and continuing till the end of October, runs from St. John's to Nain. From that time till the following June no news from the outer world can be obtained save by a possible mail or two overland from Quebec to southern Labrador. North of Nain only one regular mail a year is received and that is in August, when the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer makes her yearly call at Labrador. To the natives who have never been accustomed to other conditions this may not seem a serious drawback, but to the Europeans along the coast the isolation must be terrible.

THE NASCAUPEE INDIANS OF NORTHERN LABRADOR.

During the winter months the climate is extremely cold. The temperature, especially in northern Labrador, often falls to forty degrees below zero, and the severity of the cold is intensified by the strong winds from the Arctic Ocean. The summers especially in the bays are comparatively warm but very short, and the snow-capped hills in the beginning of September give warning of the approaching winter. Still, on the whole, the climate is perhaps as healthy as in any part of the world. The crispness of the winter, though piercing, is invigorating and stimulating and, for those accustomed to it, enjoyable.

The southern part of Labrador from the Straits of Belle Isle to Cape Harrison is sparsely settled by British colonists, while the northern section is the proper home of the Eskimos who number about fourteen hundred. A few who live beyond Ramah, the most northerly station of the Moravian Mission, are said to be still heathen.

Various tribes of Indians, the Mountaineers, Nascaupees and others, inhabit the interior. The Eskimos always settle along the coast and live almost entirely by fishing. They are dark and swarthy with high cheek-bones and flat faces. We have been told that they belong to the Mongolian race. Formerly they lived in snow-houses, dressed in seal-skins and ate only raw food consisting of fish, seal and caribou. At the

present day, north of the Moravian Mission many of them live, under almost exactly the same conditions. By the faithful work of the Moravian missionaries most of the Eskimos have been brought to a state of civilization, and have adopted, in part, the European manner of living; while among some of them the ancient customs of by-gone days still exist.

The Mountaineer Indians traverse the interior of southern Labrador from the St. Lawrence to Hamilton Inlet, and live partly on game and partly on such food as flour, tea, butter, etc., for which they barter their furs at the station of the Hudson's Bay Company. The other tribes who inhabit the interior live principally on game, for they seldom visit the coast unless driven by want. The home of the Nascaupees is in the interior of northern Labrador but they occasionally visit the station of the Hudson's Bay Company at Ungava.

All the Indians of Labrador are of a roving disposition and seem to have no desire for a settled life. They are almost continually on the move but are rarely in a hurry. They have no ambition to accumulate wealth, but are satisfied with making a living. While travelling they are always on the look-out for food, and when they come upon a herd of deer they kill sufficient to last them about a month; then they rest as long as the supply holds out. Having exhausted the food they move on, shooting and trapping as they go. They naturally believe the interior

of the country belongs to them and have no kindly feelings for any who intrude upon their territory. They live a wild and free life, and on the whole are a happy and contented people.

Over a hundred years ago Europeans began to settle in Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay. They married the natives and to-day nearly all the people there are half-breeds. From Sandwich Bay to Blance Sablon most of the settlers were originally from Newfoundland. The river emptying into the latter port is the dividing line between Newfoundland territory and the Dominion of Canada.

The chief industry of Labrador is the cod fishery. As many as six hundred vessels from Newfoundland, employing upwards of thirty thousand men, are engaged during the summer months in drawing the inexhaustible wealth from its waters. The half-breeds along the coast engage in this trade also but those in the bays depend chiefly on the fur industry.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

The first attempt to establish a mission in Labrador was made by the Moravians in 1765. Attempts had been made as early as 1752; but these failed and J. E. Ehrhardt, the missionary, was killed by the natives. Since 1765 this energetic, self-sacrificing missionary body has carried on mission work on the Labrador, and has succeeded in preaching the gospel to most of the Eskimos scattered over that rough and extensive shore, and established them in the faith of the Christian religion.

The Moravians have missions now at Makkovic, Nain, Okak, Hopedale, Hebron, Zoar and in other places. At each station they have a church, school, store and mission house. The influence and effect of their work has been an untold blessing to the Eskimo race of the frozen north.

The work of the Moravians has been almost exclusively confined to northern Labrador; south of Cape Harrison they have rarely done any definite missionary work. They formerly made occasional visits to Hamil-

ton Inlet and Sandwich Bay but established no missions there.

The Church of England has for many years been doing mission work among the natives north of the Moravian stations. Mr. Stewart has given the best years of his life to the Eskimos and Indians of Ungava and vicinity. This devoted and consecrated Irishman, in giving his life to the cause of God in the cold and isolation of the far north, has made a great sacrifice, but greater still has been the work he has accomplished.

A literature has grown up in connection with the Deep Sea Mission; the pioneer work of the missionaries in Labrador is practically unknown to the world. These missionaries in their isolation have been content to do their work quietly yet faithfully unto the Lord. For the most part they have been unnoticed by the world, but their work has involved as great a sacrifice, perhaps, as any mission work in any part of the world.

Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago Englishmen began to settle in Labrador. England was then engaged in war and was passing through a very troublesome period. Many of her people sought to escape from the ravages of war; a few of these found their way to the rugged shores of Labrador. Some of those Englishmen were godly men; they brought with them their Bibles and taught their Eskimo wives to read the Word of God, with the result that some of them, at least, were converted

and died happily in the Lord. There is no record, as far as I know, of the history of those first English settlers in Labrador.

In 1780 the first two white men, William Phippard and John Newhook, settled in Hamilton Inlet. This information I gleaned from the oldest settlers during the winter of 1904. Previous to this, European vessels visited the coast in the summer season. The vessel which brought these two men sailed about one hundred and twenty miles up the inlet, bringing them within fifty miles of its extreme end. Here on the south side of the inlet, according to their wish, they were put ashore at a place, afterwards named English River. Their intention was to remain but one year on the coast and to spend the winter experimenting in furring, fishing, etc. The captain of the vessel promised faithfully to call for them the following summer.

The vessel then returned to England and the two men were left alone amidst the bleak desolation of Labrador, with none but wild Eskimos for companions. They little knew what awaited them. The long, weary winter soon set in, and they had to adapt themselves as best they could to the unaccustomed conditions on the cold, uncivilized coast. How they passed the winter can only be conjectured, for their history has never been written. Whether they had taken from the vessel sufficient food for the winter or depended entirely upon

the game of the coast is not known. With great skill they adapted themselves to their strange surroundings and, no doubt, in a large degree to the Eskimo manner of living. At the return of the summer, the captain failing to call for them, they made up their minds to make Labrador their future home. Three years later when a vessel from the old land visited them and offered to take them home to England they declined the offer, as they preferred to remain on the isolated shore. Phippard and Newhook had by this time acquired, in part, the Eskimo language, had become accustomed to their manner of living, had been hardened by the frosts of three winters, and for them there was not much to lure them back to the old land, hence their decision to remain.

They made up their minds to start life there in true Eskimo fashion; consequently they left English River, where apparently they were living alone, and settled in Double Mer, a small Eskimo settlement, on the north side of the bay. There they made the acquaintance of an old Eskimo widow and her daughter, then a young woman. Phippard and the older woman decided to unite their fortunes, while Newhook, being the younger of the two, was looked upon with favor by the daughter; a double marriage was the result. As there was no one on the coast at that time holding a

license to marry, no doubt Phippard and Newhook accepted the Eskimo custom of marriage.

A complete history of those two first English settlers in Labrador would be interesting reading. But it is not known and if it were it would be outside the purpose of this book to give any more than the barest fragment of it. Phippard's wife, besides the daughter whom Newhook married, had two sons by her first husband. Several years after their marriage, when the sons had grown up and a number of white men had settled around the bay, Newhook with the two Eskimo lads started on a trip one hundred miles overland to Kenemesh at the head of the bay, where some white men had recently settled, to purchase nails for the building of a boat. For some unknown reason the two lads turned upon Newhook and killed him. Thus it was that one of the first two Englishmen who settled in Labrador met his death on a hill on the south side of Hamilton Inlet, now known as Newhook's Hill.

Some time after this William Brooks, a young Englishman who had recently come to Labrador, and who afterwards became the father of Mrs. Daniel Campbell, of whom we shall hear again, called to see Phippard, then an old man. He found him sitting in the sun by the door-way of his hut, with the Bible in his hand, with tears in his eyes, in a very lonely and despondent mood. He too soon passed away; but not before he had spread

an unconscious influence for good, and inculcated, though perhaps in a crude form, some principles of the Christian religion in the heathen Eskimos.

I learned from Mrs. Campbell that her father was a good singer and was interested in the education of his children. He spared no pains in teaching them how to sing and read. This might have been the extent of their education, for Brooks thought that his half-breed children could get along very well on the Labrador without the knowledge of writing. The children, however, were ambitious and by perusing their father's letters, and with what little help they received from him, they learned to write. In this way practically all the children of middle Labrador learned to read and write. Brooks' wife became a Christian, and when she died left the grand testimony behind that she was going to be with Christ. Thus the light of Christ, bringing with it the assurance of eternal glory, was dawning upon those dark hearts.

In common with most pagan people, the Eskimos have their tradition of the Flood. The story, as handed down to them (we do not know the source), says that in the remote past the earth was swept by a great flood. This flood came as a result of the anger of the Great Spirit against the world on account of its sin. Noah, the only good man in the world, was warned by the Great Spirit to build a boat of seal-skin, that he

might not be destroyed with the others. This he did. Then came the rain and flooded the earth, drowning everyone but Noah, who floated on the surface of the water in his watertight, seal-skin boat. After many days the rain ceased and when the water abated Noah's boat rested on the hill. The old man, crawling out of the boat and walking along where the water lapped the shore, saw a seal-skin shoe, in which were a number of puppies. He took the shoe, with the contents, and put it on the bosom of the deep. For days the wind carried the shoe aimlessly about, until finally it drove into the very place from which Noah had started it. Here he again found it and upon second examination was delighted to discover that all the puppies had been converted into men and women. Thus the Eskimos accounted for the speedy populating of the world after the Flood.

This is a very crude and even amusing conception, but the question naturally arises, where did they get an idea of the Flood at all? Perhaps it can only be accounted for on a supposition that the Eskimo tribe originally belonged to or was surrounded by a religious nation, who knew the oracles of God, and in their isolation and loss of religious influence and principles managed, through the long period of their degeneration, to retain a faint idea of some of their ancient traditions.

Another factor which helped to raise the Eskimos in Labrador from their low state of ignorance and sin was

the influence of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who traded with them. I would not endorse all the actions of the Company in relation to the Eskimos. That they did them full justice in business relations may well be doubted. However, I am at present concerned with their good influence upon the ignorant natives.

To the credit of the Hudson's Bay Company be it said that it was always a law with them that their agents on all the posts should conduct services on the Sabbath, for the benefit of the natives as well as for their own clerks. This the agents did for many years before any missionary was stationed on that part of the coast and for a long time supplied the only public means of grace among these unfortunate people. These agents not only conducted religious services on the Lord's Day but baptized, buried, and married the people. The work, doubtless, was inadequately done, but it was the best that could be accomplished under the circumstances, and it certainly was a step in advance of the conditions which existed prior to the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in Labrador.

A few years ago Mrs. Daniel Campbell, who has recently been called to her heavenly home, gave me the history of her first marriage. This marriage gives a good insight into the social conditions existing in Labrador at that time. She was then only sixteen years of

age and was living at home with her father. Bill Blake, a wild, rough, young man, had set his heart upon Lydia, as her name was; but she did not want Bill for she loved another. However, he was determined to have her and as she would not consent he planned to force her to marry him. He arranged for a komatik party to Rigolet, a Hudson's Bay Company's post, fifty miles from Double Mer, where he and Lydia were then living. An invitation was given to all the people in that place including, of course, Lydia and her father; her mother had died some years previously. The day appointed for the trip was looked forward to with delight by all. No one was more jubilant over the affair than the girl herself. This was her first trip to Rigolet, and it was to her what London would be to an English country girl. The day dawned fine and clear, cold and crisp, an ideal Labrador winter's day. All the dogs in the place were harnessed, and soon four komatiks were on their way to Rigolet, Lydia riding on her father's komatik. How glad she was!

Arriving at their destination the usual dog fight began. The large force of dogs at Rigolet rushed upon the strange dogs with vicious onslaught. The men interfered and the savage fight soon ended, after which Lydia was taken to the "big house" and made welcome. Everyone seemed kind and nice to her, especially Blake's friends. Bill succeeded in making Lydia's father drunk;

for by so doing he could more easily carry out his plan. So far his plot had worked well and without the least suspicion on Lydia's part. Presently an old lady carrying a new dress in her hand came into the room where she was and said:

"Lydia, you must take off that old dress and put on this new one, for you have to get married this evening."

"Married," she said, "I never thought of getting married. Who to?"

"You have to marry Bill Blake."

"I will not; I don't love him."

"But you must, your father has told him he can have you and welcome."

Lydia insisted she would not have Bill. Her feelings were not regarded, and two cruel women began at once to remove her old dress. The girl resisted but it was all of no avail; she was powerless in their hands and was forced to submit to the inevitable. Blake came in and she was compelled to stand beside him, while some servant at the station read the marriage ceremony.

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to follow this marriage further, sufficient to say that her life with Blake was very unhappy. He did not live long, however, and some years later Mrs. Blake married Daniel Campbell, a young Scotchman, with whom she lived happily for the long period of fifty-four years.

About this time missionaries from Newfoundland began to visit the coast during the summer season.

Those visits were rare and only a few of the people scattered over the large bays could be reached in this way. The need of a permanent missionary on the coast was greatly felt. The people were hungering for the gospel, of which they had received but a small share. They were destined to wait long, however, but all things come to those who wait, and eventually a missionary came to them.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

As early as 1820 the Wesleyan Missionary Committee turned its attention to the inhospitable coast of Labrador. About fifty years earlier the Moravians had succeeded in establishing a mission on the coast. But south of Hopedale to the Straits of Belle Isle "the Eskimo roamed in savage wildness." Adam Clarke Avard, then stationed at Fredericton, N.B., was the young minister requested by the Committee in 1821 to proceed to southern Labrador to "commence there the Society's Mission."

Avard, however, never saw the stormy coast and rocky headlands of Labrador; for ere the time of his removal came, his useful life on earth had ended. The responsible and arduous task of commencing the mission was entrusted to the ministers of the Newfoundland District, who, owing to the pressing calls from various parts of the island, deferred the Labrador Mission for three years. Then Thomas Hickson, before sailing for England, went to the coast for a few weeks. The moral condition of the people there was deplorable, and mis-

sionary work was as much needed among the European population as among the "poor, benighted Esquimaux."

On July 11th, 1824, in Hamilton Inlet, Thomas Hickson preached to forty Europeans from the text, "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent ye and believe the gospel." This was the first sermon, as far as Hickson could learn, which had ever been preached in the bay; he was the first Christian minister who had ever set foot upon its unfruitful soil. Twenty Eskimos were also present at the time but in the absence of an interpreter were unable to understand the preacher's message. "At another place with the assistance of a half-breed interpreter, the wife of a Canadian, he several times addressed a band of Eskimos, and who listened with apparent interest." Hickson writing of his swarthy congregation said, "They went home and spent the Sabbath evening in a much better way than some professing Christians do." After spending ten weeks on the coast, during which time he married a number of persons, baptized some adults and their children, and preached to large numbers of Newfoundland and American fishermen, Hickson returned to Newfoundland and took passage for England.

The following summer Richard Knight sailed from Brigus for Labrador, intending to spend a short time preaching the gospel among the fishermen and natives and in making investigation concerning the advisa-

bility of establishing a mission among the Eskimos in Hamilton Inlet. After spending a few weeks on the coast he "returned to Newfoundland as deeply convinced as Thomas Hickson had been that a Labrador mission should be immediately undertaken."

The man selected for this northern, isolated post was George Ellidge. He accepted the mission as a matter of duty and with a degree of reluctance sailed for his destination. Late in the autumn he returned to St. John's in quest of building material for his mission at Snook's Cove. In the following year he returned to the colony somewhat discouraged. After his year's attempt to establish a mission in Labrador he came to the conclusion that it was impossible to accomplish the task, and opposed any further move in the same direction.

William Wilson, then at Burin, a man of great courage and heroic spirit, volunteered for the mission; the Committee accepted his offer and his name "appeared in the minutes of 1828, as appointed to the Indian Mission, Esquimaux Bay," as Hamilton Inlet was then called; for some reason he never went to the coast. In the meantime Charles Bate, who went there for a short stay, held the same view as Ellidge and the Labrador Mission was abandoned. The report of 1829, contained these words: "The Labrador Mission is for the present abandoned, principally in consequence of the removal of the Esquimau tribes from the coast into the interior of the country and their general dispersion."

Little did the Committee think when the Labrador Mission was abandoned that fifty-five years would elapse ere the post would again be filled, but such was the case. It was not till 1884 that the Newfoundland Conference appointed a young minister to Hamilton Inlet.

Meanwhile many changes had taken place. Numbers of white men had settled in the bay and had taken native wives. The Eskimos in consequence had largely diminished and a half-breed race had grown up. The Eskimo dialect had given way to the English language the European manner of living as far as it was practicable in Labrador had been adopted and a more civilized condition had been reached. The Eskimo had lost his savage wildness and all the people were at least nominally Christian. For many years clergymen, both of the Anglican and Methodist denominations, visited the coast in the summer season. These visits proved a great blessing to the people; and it was unfortunate that during the long winter the sound of the preacher's voice was not heard.

The Methodist Conference of Newfoundland, recognizing the long-neglected spiritual need on the Labrador, resolved in 1884 to establish a mission there and asked for a volunteer for Hamilton Inlet. John T. Newman, a devoted and consecrated young minister, volunteered for the isolated post and for two years he labored there with splendid results. During the minis-

REV. JOHN T. NEWMAN
The Pioneer Methodist Missionary to Hamilton Inlet, Labrador.

try of this devoted man mission work there was well begun. Many were the converts that he won for his Master. The writer twenty years later heard several old people give glowing testimonies in gratitude to God that the message of salvation had been brought to them by Mr. Newman.

John T. Newman was the pioneer missionary to Hamilton Inlet, Labrador. He was faithful and conscientious, and laid the foundation of future work on that part of the coast. Indeed his work brought him ample reward for all the hardships he endured.

He was then a young man recently come from England, and the contrast between the old land and the cold, friendless, uninviting coast of Labrador must have been great. Cast on the desolate shore, with no friend, no home, no church, among those swarthy half-breeds and Eskimos, to eat their food, live in their log huts, sleep on the floors in a seal-skin bag, travel a thousand miles by komatik and foot during the cold and stormy winter, to receive no word from home from October till July, was the prospect which presented itself to this devoted missionary as he entered upon his work in Labrador and from which he did not shrink.

But the strain and stress of the work on this arduous field and the lack of proper food and a comfortable home were almost more than Mr. Newman's constitution could endure. So greatly was his system weakened that

when he returned to Newfoundland his friends thought his career on earth must necessarily be short. He soon regained his former strength, however, and is still an honoured minister in the Newfoundland Conference. He has filled most of the offices in the Conference and once sat in the Presidential chair.

He was succeeded by a Mr. Stevens, whose health began to break down shortly after his arrival on the coast, so that he was unable to remain more than a year. Though Mr. Stevens could not travel as his predecessor had done, he managed, under great inconvenience to himself, to get around that vast mission and with his cheery words and congenial disposition gave comfort and inspiration to those who had been brought to Christ during the ministry of Mr. Newman.

The next man to volunteer for the Labrador Mission was Albert A. Holmes, a hardy Newfoundlander. His robust nature and strong constitution, as well as his missionary spirit, fitted him for such a field and guaranteed success.

A house at Lester's Point, the former home of a trader, was secured for a mission house, and this was made the missionary's headquarters. Here Mr. Holmes erected a nice little church which supplied a long-felt need. He encountered many hardships during his long and weary travels over his rough and stormy mission, and once barely escaped with his life.

On this occasion Mr. Holmes and John Groves, a half-breed, who has since passed away, were crossing the bay from Double Mer to Lester's Point. A few hundred yards from the shore they came in contact with thin ice, which had made the previous night and which the tide was carrying down the bay at a rapid pace. They tried in vain to work their little boat through the ice and reach land. Farther and farther they were swept out into the open bay. Two or three times they nearly touched land while being swept down the long inlet, and once or twice as they passed points of land they could all but touch the shore with their paddles, but the ice held them tightly bound and their hopes were dashed to pieces.

Finally they found themselves out on the bosom of the great Atlantic. Fortunately for them a large island stood out in the ocean about seven miles from the mainland and fifty miles from their starting point. To reach this island was their only hope, but this was by no means certain, as a little whirling of the tide might take them to one side or the other. They were successful, however, and it was with a feeling of great relief that they at last reached land. The island was not inhabited and afforded but little shelter from the cold of a Labrador winter's night. There stretched between them and the mainland a field of thin ice upon which they could not walk and through which they could not row; their chances of life were small.

They had with them in their boat their dogs, komatik, sleeping-bags, and a little food. After hauling up their boat and taking a lunch they crawled into their sleeping-bags and spent the night as comfortably as possible.

In the morning to their great delight they saw a narrow lake of open water, which they thought extended to the mainland. No time was lost; komatik, dogs, harnesses, sleeping-bags, were hurriedly thrown into the boat and a dash made for the mainland. But the stern nature of the North is not so easily conquered. Within a mile of the shore the narrow lake of water closed in, the wind changed and they found themselves again at the mercy of the ice, wind and tide. They drifted on the waters of the broad ocean and no island, this time, lay along their path. All day they drifted helplessly for twenty-five miles or more. At dusk, when the wind abated, they were fifteen miles off Cape Porcupine.

The night was calm and cold and Mr. Holmes, with his companion and the dogs, huddled together in the small boat and longed for dawn. When the day broke Mr. Holmes, putting his feet over the side of the boat to try the strength of the ice, said:

"Praise the Lord, John, we can walk ashore on the ice to-day." The ice was not very strong as might be expected, being the product of only one night, and at

that distance from the headlands it never makes sufficiently strong to risk one's life upon. The ice thus formed does not remain long, as the ocean winds have too great a play upon it, and generally that which is made during a calm night is smashed to pieces by the gales of the next day. Mr. Holmes was well aware of all this and, as a precaution, before leaving the boat, tied the end of a rope around his waist, while Groves fastened the other end around his, so that if one fell through the ice, the other could easily pull him out. Their outfit had to be abandoned; the dogs, however, attempted to follow their heroic masters, but fell through the ice and were drowned. As the ice was too weak to walk on they had to crawl practically the whole distance. It was a terrible experience.

At 4 p.m., tired, weary and stiff they reached Cape Porcupine. When they landed they had only three biscuits in their pockets. Almost immediately a gust of wind from the north carried all the ice off. How providential their escape seemed! In the hospitable home of Mr. James Davis they found shelter for the night.

The missionary who had this experience is a great sufferer from rheumatism to-day, and has been for many years. But this experience did not daunt him. A new travelling outfit was immediately purchased, a fresh team of dogs secured and his arduous work was

at once resumed. At the end of his two years' term it was with a feeling of regret that he took leave of the swarthy people of Labrador, many of whom wept tears of sorrow, as the missionary took his final departure. He won the hearts of the people and his name has been a household word with many of those simple but kind-hearted half-breeds.

The next missionary to become acquainted with the "grim rocks and giant headlands" of Labrador was Jabez Moore, of Carbonear, Newfoundland, now Dr. Moore, of North Dakota, U.S.A. Mr. Moore also spent a couple of years on the coast, where his labours were crowned with spiritual success. He has now been for many years a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church in North Dakota, and under his enthusiastic leadership many churches have been built, many new circuits organized and the moral and spiritual condition of the people, over his large diocese, greatly improved.

He was succeeded by Selby Jefferson, a quiet, conscientious man, who did faithful work during his term on the coast. His physique was not exceptionally strong, but his spirit was heroic; he forgot himself in his ministry to the needy people on the bleak coast of Labrador. The church and the world owe much to such men.

Frank S. Hollet, who followed Mr. Jefferson, after a year on the coast, married, and his wife became a

REV. A. A. HOLMES
Missionary to Northern Labrador (1887-1889)

great blessing to the children on the mission. She taught several of them at the mission house, two of whom she trained for teachers, who afterwards did comparatively good work, both in Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay.

Mr. Hollet was blessed with a kind, sympathetic and congenial disposition, and knew the way to the hearts of the people. He spent six years on the isolated coast, travelling up and down its rugged shore, encountering storms and frequently coming in contact with poverty and distress. Like his predecessors he had to share the fate of the unfortunate people there, during his long journeys around the extensive mission. His faithful and devoted wife experienced many lonely nights and anxious days during those long, cold winters when, of necessity, her husband would be away from home the greater part of his time.

In 1899, Mr. Hollet returned to Newfoundland and was succeeded by John J. Sparks, who gave three years of service to the coast. The missionary there never sees a fellow missionary and to remain three years without ever leaving the coast is, indeed, a great sacrifice. This Mr. Sparks did, in spite of his frequent temptation to return home. Duty was put before personal and private feelings and God blessed his work.

During the summer of 1902, the Conference finding it difficult to get a volunteer for the Labrador

Mission from the ranks of the ministry, asked Isaac French, who was contemplating entering the ministry, but was then a fisherman, to go to that field for the year; like Zebedee's sons he left his father's boat, returned home to Bay Roberts and in October sailed for the Labrador Mission.

While he was sailing for the lonely post the fishing schooners in large fleets were sailing home, and among them his father's schooner. The scene made the young man's heart lonely and the prospect of spending a winter on the isolated coast was to him almost unbearable.

He arrived at Lester's Point too late in the season to do any travelling by boat, and as the ice on that large bay does not afford safe travelling till nearly Christmas, Mr. French had to spend his first three months in Labrador with two solitary families. As hard as the travelling might be it was good that the missionaries had so much of it to do, for the constant exercise prevented them, under such circumstances, from being victims of melancholy.

The day after Christmas Mr. French started on his winter travels and soon to a great extent forgot his loneliness, in a race around the bay on komatik. He was very emotional and attracted the people by his frequent outbursts of zeal while preaching. He delivered his message with manifest earnestness and fervour, in those small Labrador houses, to congregations of a dozen people.

On his way to the lumber camps at the head of the bay he spent a night at Mrs. Daniel Campbell's home and preached there. After the service the old lady put her hand on his shoulder, in her quaint, characteristic way, and said:

"My son, don't preach like that in the Nova Scotian camps, because they will make fun at you if you do."

Mr. French was not prepared to slacken his zeal, however, and the Nova Scotians received the gospel with demonstration of power and that without any apology. His stay on the coast was short, as he returned to Newfoundland the following July.

Twenty years of missionary toil in Hamilton Inlet had resulted in much good being done among the people. The missionary laboured under great inconvenience, but his efforts were owned and blessed of God. Many who had seldom, if ever, heard the gospel preached before, had been brought into the conscious assurance of their acceptance with Christ. Two sermons a year were better than none, and often those sermons were appreciated more and accompanied with greater visible results than fifty-two sermons preached to a gospel-hardened people. Many of the children had been taught to read and write, two or three had been trained for teachers, and on the whole, the people had been much enlightened by the faithful efforts of the consecrated missionary. The world does not know much

about the work of the missionaries in Labrador; these servants of God have toiled in silence, but in the day of judgment, methinks, they will have conferred upon them as great a reward as many whose work is more widely known and whose efforts have been applauded by every nation under the sun.

CHAPTER IV.

MY APPOINTMENT.

The month of May, 1903, found me working hard at my examination papers; I was recommended by the June Twillingate District Meeting of that year as a candidate for the ministry, and anxiously awaited my appointment. When the station sheet appeared, I saw with some surprise that I was appointed to the Labrador Mission. Heretofore the Conference had always asked for a volunteer for that mission, but my appointment was made without my permission, and I was robbed of the honour of volunteering. I immediately began to make preparations for the journey, and on July 22nd took passage on board the *S.S. Virginia Lake* for the Labrador Mission.

Our first port of call on the coast was Battle Harbour. The Deep Sea Mission has a hospital at this place, and under the supervision of Dr. Grenfell and his worthy staff, hundreds of needy fishermen receive medical treatment and spiritual advice and comfort. The motto of the mission is, "To preach the gospel and heal the

sick." All who have any knowledge of the work of the mission know that it lives up to its motto.

From Battle Harbour north all along the coast are numerous harbours, which serve as excellent fishing stations, and upwards of thirty thousand fishermen fish from these harbors during the summer season. The mail steamer makes a fortnightly trip from St. John's to Nain and calls at practically all of the harbours on the Labrador coast.

When I made the trip the whole coast was enveloped in thick fog, and it was interesting to see how Captain Parsons piloted the ship in and out of those harbours in such a dense fog. He has been doing this now for nearly twenty years and has never had a serious misfortune. These harbours were dotted with small summer houses and fishing "stages" while one caught an occasional glimpse of a few goats and pigs roaming along the shore and over the hills. The settlers for the most part were fishermen from Newfoundland, who during the fishing season moved with their families, live stock and as few personal belongings as possible, for the summer's fishing. They always returned home in the autumn.

After a journey of four days from the last port of call on the island of Newfoundland we arrived at Rigolet, a station of the Hudson's Bay Company in Hamilton Inlet, two miles from Lester's Point, our headquarters.

I found Mr. French, my predecessor, there to meet me. With him and Charlie Flowers, his boatman, I went across to Lester's Point and was welcomed there, in true Labrador fashion, by Charlie's wife, a half-breed. Mr. French remained with me two days and then went in a small boat to Indian Harbour, to meet the *Virginia Lake* on her way south, and return home.

The Mission House in contrast with the Labrador houses was a large, commodious building and afforded ample room for the missionary and the small family that occupied the house with him. The scenery here is very rugged and uninviting scarcely a foot of fertile land can be seen, while on either side of the expanse of water stand high, rugged hills, rendered a little less sterile in appearance by being clothed with a coat of low spruce from their summits down to their feet or water-side.

While only two families were living at the Point, all the people who were salmon fishing within a radius of twelve miles gathered at the church on Sundays. My first Sabbath there will be long remembered. As I looked over my swarthy congregation of about seventy men, women and children, my heart was drawn out in sympathy towards them. Though to a casual observer the material upon which I had to work perhaps might seem uninviting, I felt that their many needs, especially in things spiritual, demanded my best, and that they

were worthy of a great deal more than I could give them. I preached to them from the text: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place." They listened very attentively.

After the morning service, according to the usual custom, the whole congregation proceeded to the Mission House and boiled sufficient water on the kitchen stove for the mid-day meal for the entire congregation. Some ate their dinner in the kitchen, while others ate out of doors; none of them being particular about the arrangements. Owing to the distance they had to go, we could have no evening meeting; the day's work closed with one afternoon service. Some had come two miles, some four, while others had come ten and even twelve miles. I wondered, as I saw those half-breeds rowing away in their boats, how often would many who live in more favoured places get to the House of God if they had to go ten or twelve miles to get there! Yet these people had to do this and thought it a great privilege to be living, for two months in the year, within ten miles of a place of worship.

The following week passed without an event of special interest. Life on the Point with only two families was very monotonous, and I longed for Sunday to return. The second Sabbath dawned bright and clear and the water of the bay was beautiful and calm, as if inviting the people to the House of God.

"We'll have a big crowd yer to-day," said Charlie, as he came downstairs rubbing his eyes.

At 10 o'clock I noticed boats coming from all directions. From one of them there stepped ashore an old, dumpy and interesting-looking lady. I saw, through the dining-room window, that as she came along she had a word to say to everybody, and everybody had a word to say to her. She entered the kitchen with the crowd; but soon, however, I heard a knock at my door and in walked Mrs. Flowers with this old lady.

"Mrs. Campbell is come to see you, Mr. Young," said Mrs. Flowers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Campbell, "had to come in and see the new minister," and she clasped me by the hand, giving me a hearty welcome to Labrador. In about ten minutes she poured into my ears more information about Labrador and its people than I had received up to that time.

"I must go now," she said, thinking she had given me all the information I needed, and putting her hands upon my shoulders, said:

"Now, my son, you must go out into the kitchen and talk to the people as the other ministers used to do."

"Is that so?" I replied.

"Yes," she said, "if you don't the people won't like you."

I followed her into the kitchen and soon had an in-

troduction to them all, and together we walked to the little church.

The summer was swiftly passing and it was time I started on my tour around the mission. I learned from Mr. French that the mission extended one hundred and twenty-five miles west, about the same distance south-east, and fifty miles north; while in winter I had an additional tramp of forty miles up Grand Lake, the hunting-ground of some of the natives; besides I had to visit the lumber-camps in the interior from Mud Lake. This ground could be covered easily if one could travel by train or steamer, but when it had to be done in a small boat in summer and by komatik and foot in winter, the task was not easy.

Hamilton Inlet is the largest and perhaps the most fertile bay in Labrador. Twelve miles inland from Rigolet the bay gradually widens until it reaches a width of twenty-eight miles and gradually closes in again twenty miles from its head, where the inlet terminates one hundred and twenty-five miles west of Rigolet. This region of the bay is of the wildest description high hills rise in all directions, some of which are entirely bare of trees. The Mealy Mountains may be seen at a distance of fifty miles, stretching themselves out at the head of the bay and running almost parallel with the coast. The Grand River, which flows into the head of this bay, is the largest in Labrador,

(a) The Mouth of the Grand River, Noted for its Falls 316 feet High.
(b) An Indian Encampment at North-West River.
(c) A Sunset on the Grand River.

and has some of the grandest, if not the largest, falls in the world. From Kenemesh to St. John's Island, a distance of eighty miles, unlike the coast outside, there is no safe harbour. It is a long, straight shore, unbroken by harbours; the hills on both sides of the expanse slope down to the water's edge, giving it a rough and rugged appearance.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST DIFFICULTIES

Travelling facilities on the Labrador are extremely poor. For the use of the missionary at Hamilton Inlet there had been for a number of years, a small boat; but it was entirely unfit for the kind of work which was to be done on that stormy mission. Mr. Sparks, recognizing the need of a more suitable boat, sold the old one and made arrangements for the building of a new one, to be completed by the spring of 1903. When I arrived at Lester's Point I was informed that a splendid decked boat was ready for "action" at Snack Cove. Captain McConnel, a Nova Scotian trader, was on his way out the bay, and kindly offered me a passage to Snack Cove.

Before leaving for Snack Cove I went with Charlie and his wife to Rigolet to purchase a small boat from Mr. Fraser, the Hudson's Bay factor at the post. This little boat, which was only nine feet long, was a necessity on our trips, so we took her in tow.

In this small dingey I left for Lester's point, while Charlie and his wife went in his own fishing-boat. I was not aware of the treacherous tide in the narrows,

and the half-breeds of Labrador are very shy in acquainting one with the dangers with which they themselves have always been familiar. I soon found that the tide had more control of my boat than I had myself. It was blowing a strong breeze directly ahead, but notwithstanding this the strength of the tide was carrying me against it at a rapid pace. The bay also, as a result of the conflicting forces of wind and tide, was very rough, and the farther I drove out the bay the rougher it became. It was impossible to row against the tide and my only hope lay in cutting across it and reaching land before it swept me into the rough water of the open bay, where at such a time my frail boat would have a very small chance of escape. Charlie, who was sailing across the bay some distance to the windward of me, became alarmed, as he saw me driving helplessly away. He came to my assistance by lowering his sail and allowing his boat to drift towards me, while I did my best to pull towards him. After awhile we managed to meet, and with great difficulty I succeeded in getting aboard his boat and in tying the painter of my boat fast to his. The sail was again put up, but in our effort to reach land it seemed at times as if the furious sea was going to swallow us up. We succeeded, however, in reaching the shore, some distance below Lester's Point, without mishap. I was now just beginning to learn what mission work in Labrador meant.

The run to Snack Cove was without an event of special interest. Captain McConnel was a pleasant and congenial man. He was honest and upright in his dealings with the depressed people of Labrador. They were especially fond of him, and his forty years of association with them on the desolate coast secured a friendship hard to break. His vessel was always the first to wedge her way through the ice in the spring, and bring relief to the half-starving people along the coast. He was now getting on in years and felt that he must give up his business on the bleak coast, and I fancied I saw the tears oozing from under his eye-lids as he bade farewell to the people in the various coves at which he called.

Arriving at Snack Cove I found the mission boat on dock in an unfinished condition. The builder, Charles Davis, was engaged at the salmon fishery, and in the busy season could not lay aside his fishing and complete our boat. There was no alternative, and very reluctantly we left the boat on the dock and faced the unpleasant prospect of travelling around the mission without a boat of our own.

We got passage in a small boat to Cartwright. Mr. Swaffield, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor there, sympathized with me in very kindly terms, as I related the situation to him. But that was all he could do for no suitable boat could be procured. There I was amidst the isolations of Labrador, anxious to visit the people

thinly scattered over a coast-line of nearly three hundred miles, and no boat to carry me along its needy shore. After doing what visiting I could, under the circumstances, I managed to secure a passage in a fishing-boat to Pack's Harbour, where we would meet the *Virginia Lake* on her north-bound trip, and take passage for Rigolet.

The steamer arrived in good time, and as I knew we would have a night on board, and felt a little weary from the experience of the past few days, I hurried to the purser to secure a state-room.

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't give you a bed to-night for they are all taken up. There is a large number of American tourists on board, this trip. The only thing we can do for you is to make up a bed on the lounge in the smoking-room."

"All right," I said, and proceeded to the smoking-room and sat on the lounge for nearly an hour, waiting for the purser to bring me a blanket or two, but he forgot to bring them. It was a chilly night and I lay on the lounge cold and shivering, until finally I dropped off to sleep.

In my sleep my father, who had been dead seventeen years, appeared before me. His face shone and glistened as gold in the sun. Glory filled the place where he was. Not a word was spoken; in silence I beheld the perfect sweetness of my father's face, the serenity of his coun-

tenance and the glory of his surroundings, until my own soul seemed to take in the situation and share in the glory of my father's abode. It was only a dream, and perhaps a hallucination. I only give it as a part of my experience. My father made his decision for Christ at the early age of twelve, and lived a Christian till he died. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to see one of his sons enter the Christian ministry; it seemed to me that in that dream, in the beginning of my ministry, he came to give me his smile and benediction.

After a short stay at Lester's Point no opportunity of getting up the bay presented itself, so I resolved to make the trip north in a row-boat, which belonged to Charlie. On the evening of the first day after a hard row of twenty-five miles we landed at a hut, the home of Joseph Lloyd, an Englishman, who found his way to Labrador when a young man. He was one of the only two Englishmen then living in Hamilton Inlet.

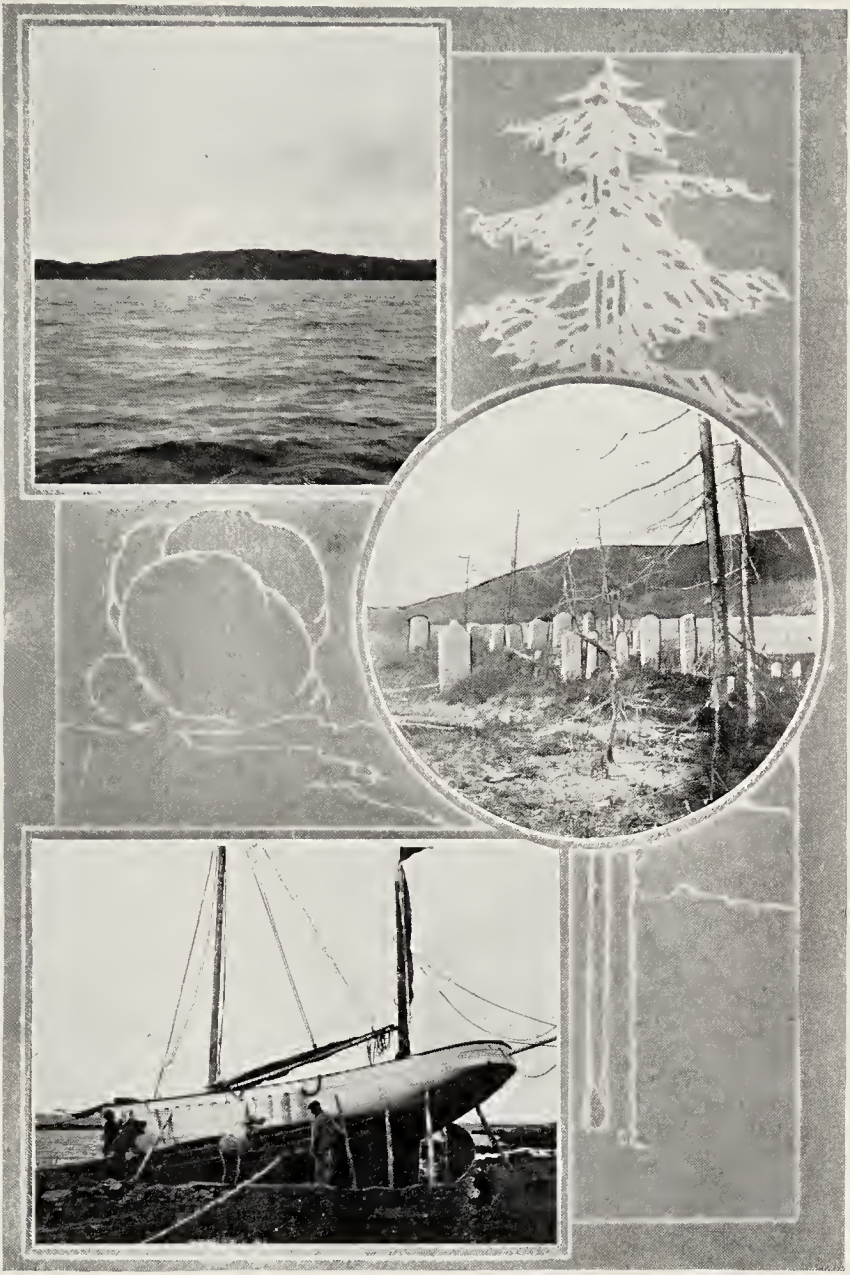
He and his half-breed wife were both sick. Their condition was pitiable; both were well-stricken in years, and one was scarcely able to minister to the needs of the other. Their son James and his family were living near by, the only family within a radius of five miles. The old man was very anxious to know how all the world was getting on. After tea the two families gathered together and we held a short service, which was enjoyed

by all. But two regular services were held in a year, when the missionary made his bi-yearly visits. The service being over, the old gentleman and his wife retired to bed; Charlie spread our sleeping-bags on the floor, we crawled into them and enjoyed a good night's rest.

The next day we proceeded to Ratler's Bight. Here we met Charles Allen, the other Englishman, a brother-in-law of Joseph Lloyd. Allen was the father of a large family and the boys being in from fishing, I called the family together and we held a mid-day service. During the service, Mrs. Allen and her three daughters began to cry and sob. I saw that they were in trouble about their souls and pointed them to Christ, the Saviour of the world, and I believe they all found the peace of His forgiving love. The service ended, we went on a little farther to Winter's Cove.

At this little settlement I found three families who had not seen a missionary of any denomination for three years. They were very ignorant, and had big children unbaptized. I tried to throw a ray of spiritual light across their dark lives, and bring the Christ nearer their hearts, but I did not seem to make much impression upon them, and after baptizing two children I bade them good-bye, and have never seen them since.

A few miles farther we arrived at a little cove where Charlie's brother and another family lived. This was Saturday, August 23rd. We had service at this place



(a) George's Island from which Mr. Holmes was Rescued.
(b) God's Acre at Bluff Head, the Common Burying Ground for a Radius of Fifty Miles.
(c) Putting a Coat of Paint on the New Mission Boat, " The Glad Tidings."

that night, and on Sunday morning a row of two or three miles farther brought us to Indian Harbour, where I met Dr. Simpson. Here I preached to a large number of fishermen in the Deep Sea Mission Chapel. In this place Dr. Grenfell has a hospital, which is operating during the summer season only, and where every year several hundreds of fishermen receive free medical treatment.

Dr. Simpson, who was then in charge of the Indian Harbour hospital, is one of those rare Christian-gentlemen characterized by self-denial and devotion to the needs of others. He was born and educated in London, England, the metropolis of the world, but he left behind him all the luxuries of that great city and gave his services to the poor fishermen on the bleak coast of Labrador.

On Monday, Mr. Jerritt, of Brigus, who was doing business at Indian Harbour, went in his small steamer to Double Mer. He gave us a passage, and also towed our boat. We touched in at Bluff Head, a small settlement half way to Lester's Point, and found a number of people gathered awaiting the burial of John Groves, who had died, I believe, of appendicitis, at the latter place the day after we left. This is the heroic man who had the trying experience with Mr. Holmes, related in a previous chapter. Mr. Jerritt kindly waited for me to lay the good man to rest, and also gave a passage to all the friends of the deceased,

who had gathered from around the bay at this, their chosen burying place.

Shortly after leaving Bluff Head the mother of the deceased called me to her side and gave me to understand that she was in some kind of spiritual trouble. My heart had gone out in sympathy for her as she and her son Thomas wept together at the grave-side of him whom they loved. The mother's heart is the same everywhere. She had been, as far as I knew, a Christian for many years, but now, bowed down with grief and tottering on the border of the grave, she felt that God was not as near her as she desired. Peace and comfort came to her in the cabin of that little steamer as we ran along over the ruffled sea.

By this time we were at the entrance of Double Mer, and as we were getting into our little boat to row across the bay Mr. Jerritt placed five dollars in my hand, an additional kindness, for which I gave him my heartiest thanks. Just at dusk we landed at Lester's Point.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST TRIP UP HAMILTON INLET.

The *Julia Sheridan* (a small steamer given to the Deep Sea Mission by a Toronto lady) was engaged that year carrying the mail from Indian Harbour to Kenemesh. As she was to pass Lester's Point about September first, I arranged with Dr. Simpson for a passage up the bay.

Meanwhile another Sunday passed before the steamer arrived at the Point on her way to the lumber-mill at Kenemesh. The people from all the near-by places gathered at the Point as usual, and God gave us a blessed time. Four of my swarthy congregation gave their hearts to God that day. Our feeble efforts were being owned of God and the missionary had cause to rejoice amidst his difficulties.

On September 1st the *Julia Sheridan* called for me, and glad indeed was I with such a splendid opportunity to get to the head of the bay. It was not a pleasant night and Captain Ash decided to put into St. John's Harbour for the night. At 3 o'clock a.m. we left again and arrived at Kenemesh at 3 p.m.

Captain Ash, as soon as he had delivered and received his mails, returned again to Indian Harbour. I had not taken Charlie with me on this trip, so I was now left alone to visit from place to place as best I could, and meekly wait till some way opened up for me to return to Lester's Point.

Immediately after arriving at Kenemesh as I stood upon the sand-bank of the beautiful River Kennimoo I noticed a swarthy but exceptionally tall figure, approaching me; the nature of his movements suggested that he had something very important to relate.

"Are you Mr. Young, the minister from Lester's Point?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, I was just going down to Lester's Point to see you, but I am glad you have come up. I want to you marry me this evening."

"What is your name?"

"I am George McLeod, from Nova Scotia."

George, I learned, was a half-breed Indian from Nova Scotia, who had been working for the Dickie Lumber Company at Kenemesh the previous year, while the woman whom he was marrying was a native half-breed of Labrador, then a widow with three children.

The father of the bride, who disliked George, was not in favor of the marriage, and at first strongly opposed it. But as she was a middle-aged woman and a widow, and

taking into account other considerations, we felt under existing conditions the proper thing to do was to unite them in lawful wedlock.

After the wedding the bride and groom with their friends went across the bay to North-West River, where a characteristic Labrador wedding repast was enjoyed. The missionary, anxious to visit the Hudson's Bay Company's post, embraced the opportunity and went with the party.

Thomas McKenzie, the factor at the post, a kind-hearted Scotchman, gave me a real welcome, and made me feel at home. North-West River is the prettiest spot in Hamilton Inlet. The scenery there is beautiful and more so in contrast with the rugged appearance on its immediate border, and the uninviting features of the grim rocks and giant hills, so conspicuous around the bay.

After tea as was my custom I called the people together in one of the company's houses, and gave them a short service. The sermon preached was the first they had heard since Mr. French had so earnestly expounded to them the Word of Life, one cold night in the previous January.

The only social amusement the people of Labrador indulge in is dancing and they are very fond of it. They often dance till late in the night, and sometimes till early morning. Nobody thought, of course, that the wedding would go off without a dance. The groom, who had

a deep respect for a religious teacher, but who undoubtedly was not acquainted with the doctrines and rules of the Methodist Church, immediately after the close of the service came to me and said:

"Mr. Young, will you allow us to have a dance here to-night?"

I replied, "The house does not belong to me, and if you insist on having a dance I have no power to hinder you but I shall not give my consent to it."

"Well," said George, "if you object to it we will not have it," and there it ended.

The following day I returned to Kenemesh with the party and preached that evening in a small house there, in which the natives of the place and a few lumbermen had gathered. That night Sandy Calder and his brother, owners of one of the lumber concerns at Kenemesh, having no spare bed, kindly offered me the couch in their dining-room, which I gladly accepted.

The next day there was no opportunity of getting to Lester's Point and no means of visiting any other place around the head of the bay; so I spent most of the day strolling along the sand-banks of the river, talking to the men, and viewing the beautiful scenery. The head of the bay is level and fertile, and the banks of the rivers flowing into it are lined with stately timber.

A more important man than the missionary arrived at Kenemesh that day, consequently the couch was

denied me. I went to the best house among the "livyers" and sought lodgings for the night.

"There is plenty of room yer, Mr. Young," he said.

"I have no sleeping-bag with me."

"I have one you can use," he replied.

I thanked him.

I was not the only visitor to that home that evening; three others, a man and his wife and mother, sought lodgings in the same hospitable house. The visitors had brought, not seal-skin sleeping-bags, but two bags of bed clothing. This is customary in Labrador, for they have no spare beds in their houses and all visitors are expected to bring their beds with them. The seal-skin bag was brought in from the porch and spread on the kitchen floor for me. The visitors too were preparing for bed, and soon the clothes were emptied on the floor and two beds were prepared a foot or two from my sleeping-bag. Removing only my coat I crawled into the bag and was fast asleep before the others retired, and at dawn I was on the stroll again.

Mr. Calder was sending his little steam-launch to Cartwright. She was altogether unsuitable to traverse the rough waters of that great bay. The weight of the heavy engine brought the gunwales of the afterpart of the boat almost flush with the water, while the engine itself was untrustworthy, as its valves were continually giving out. It was the only opportunity of getting

down the bay which I was likely to get for many days, so very reluctantly I embraced it. When we were leaving the mill Mr. Calder said:

"Young, that boat will be your coffin."

The first day we had a moderate breeze in our favor and we made a good day's run, covering possibly sixty miles. The engineer being anxious to get to Cartwright as soon as possible, and the weather being fine, he decided to run all night. The engine so far had given us no trouble and we anticipated reaching Rigolet by daylight. None of us knew the course; we were running by guess, a foolish thing to do. Mr. Calder ought to have put some man in the boat who knew the course. The engineer belonged to Boston, the other man lived at Cartwright, and not one of us had ever been up that bay before. It was with great difficulty that we kept the little launch clear of the many islands along our route. We learned afterwards that only two islands lay near the ship's run, and that we must have been in the shallow waters of Valley's Bight, where numerous little islands were situated. The wonder is we did not run upon a sand-bank and swamp our little boat.

When daylight came we were still upon the bosom of the bay; we had not yet reached the narrows of the inlet, where we knew Rigolet lay, and where the narrows were we had no idea, save that we imagined they lay directly ahead. But we were still in the open expanse

of water and the distance we had already covered would, we believed, have taken us far beyond Rigolet. Besides this, the appearance of the land around us was entirely unlike that which we had seen on our way up the inlet.

At this juncture a new and more trying difficulty presented itself in the breaking down of the engine, a mishap we had been dreading. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the north-west and the engine giving out every ten minutes, taking the same time to repair it, made matters very trying indeed. Fortunately the wind was in our favour, and the thought that wewere drifting towards Rigolet was, at least to the missionary, a source of consolation. But, alas! if we had only known it we were drifting farther away from it.

In this way we continued till 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the bay seemed to be closing in, and we felt sure we were getting near the narrows. When we came to what we supposed was the entrance to Rigolet, to our surprise there was no entrance there. The engineer said to me: "The entrance is on the other side of the bay." So we steamed to the other side, but found solid land all the way across as though we were at the head of the bay. We were absolutely unable to account for this. Could it be possible that we had turned our boat around in the night and were now at the head of the bay? We had no compass, no chart, no log, nothing to tell us what to do or what had been done. It was

a very blind affair. We found no livyers here, and for that reason thought it could not be the head of the bay.

We were in a rather unfortunate position; our small supply of coal was getting short, our rations were almost exhausted, and we were utterly unable to locate our position. The only thing we could do was to retrace our course, and try to find the entrance to Rigolet; this we did. It was slow progress with a strong wind ahead, and the time occupied repairing the engine was almost equal to the time under steam. For two hours we proceeded in this way, steaming forwards two miles and driving back one, when to our delight, looking up the bay, we saw a boat bearing down upon us. We would now have the consolation, at least, of knowing where we were.

As the boat came alongside the engineer said:

"Hello, men, can you tell us where we are?" They lowered their sail and hauled in alongside.

"What place is this?" we asked eagerly.

"This is Back Bay," they replied, "and we are moving down yer for the winter."

"How far is it to Rigolet?"

"About forty miles, sir."

We had gone down an arm, the entrance of which is twelve miles above Rigolet, and runs down twenty miles beyond it. One of the men, being very inquisitive as to our purpose in coming in this arm, said to me:

"What ded ya come down yer fer?"

I felt rather ashamed of our mistake and put him off without giving him any satisfaction, whereupon he turned to the engineer with a look of real earnestness in his eyes and repeated his question.

"Oh," said the engineer, "we are taking this thing down to Cartwright."

"But," he said more vigorously than ever, "what ded ya come down yer fer?"

When we realized the situation we did not wonder at the remark of our friend, for to go to Cartwright, in the direction we had taken, meant a steam of twelve miles through solid land.

As the sun went down, kissing the tree tops as it departed, the wind gradually moderated, and by the time the sun had hid behind the hills the waters of the bay were beautifully calm. The men had pointed out to us the direction to Rigolet but the engine had become almost useless, and on their return trip they found us at 10 o'clock p.m. lying in the calm and towed us to the shore.

We boiled the kettle, had some tea, and about midnight lay down in the launch and tried to get a little sleep. But the night was very chilly, and being without bed-clothes, sleep was almost impossible.

It took the engineer two hours the next morning to get the engine in working order and it was not till 8 o'clock that we were ready for a start. We hoped, however, that after thorough overhauling the engine

would serve us better than it did the previous day, but in this we were disappointed.

There is a tremendous tide in the narrows, and as we were crossing a large bight in the direction of an island that lies close to the entrance we got caught in this tide which ran in all directions like furious beasts, and focussed in one place, causing a mighty whirlpool. Almost in less time than it takes to write it our little boat was carried into this whirlpool, and held helpless in its grip. I was at the wheel at the time and managed to keep the boat stern to the seas. One sea broke over her stern and I thought we were done; if now the engine gave out she would turn broadside and all would soon be over. I was just in the act of turning to speak to the men and to enquire about their souls, which I thought would be my last duty upon earth, when I saw to my delight that we were on the edge of this vortex of water. In a minute more we were drifted out of it altogether, and soon reached the island in safety.

Our coal was now exhausted, so we landed and gathered some wood to make a dash for Rigolet, which was about four miles distant. Just after we started again and turned a point of the island we saw a hut on the bank yonder; smoke was rising from the chimney—a sure sign of life within. The engineer decided to land again and make inquiries about the tide, the distance to Rigolet, etc.

We knocked at the door of the hut and a rough-looking Eskimo of seventy years of age appeared.

"How far is it to Rigolet?"

"Three miles."

"And is the tide running in or out?"

"Good, but if you 'old on a little longer it 'ill be better."

I informed the old man that I was the missionary from Lester's Point. He was very anxious for me to come in, and as the engineer decided to get a lunch before making the final start for Rigolet I thought I could spend the few minutes in no better way than in chatting with the old man and his family, so I went in.

The hut was dark, dirty and dismal. There was no table, no chair, no bed or furniture of any kind save an oil-can, which served for a stove, and a small box on which I sat. The mother and daughter were sitting on the floor working at some fancy work of which all the Eskimos are very fond.

I found that only the old man could speak English, nevertheless I read a few verses of scripture and prayed with the family, then wished them "good-bye" and walked over the hill to the beach where I expected to join the men at lunch. But instead, I saw that our launch was aground and the disappointed men were exerting all their strength in trying to get her off the rocks. When they were preparing lunch, unconsciously to

them, the tide was falling and by the time I appeared the boat was hard aground, with the propeller nicely fitted inside a large rock, over which we had to throw her in order to float her again.

I ran to their assistance. The old Eskimo came also, bringing an axe with him; we cut a stick which we put under the keel of the boat and hove for all our might. For twenty minutes we worked at her, lifting beyond our ordinary strength. We did not view with pleasure the prospect of spending another night on the rocks, so after trying and trying again we made one supreme effort and over the rock our boat went and to our delight was afloat again.

The tide was in our favour and in a few minutes we hoped to reach Rigolet. The fire was going low and the steam was going off the boiler fast.

"Get the axe," said the engineer to his helper, "and cut off some wood quick."

The axe could not be found; in the rush it had been left ashore. There we were, all our coal gone, with wood aboard, but all too long for use, drifting along by Rigolet at a speed of six miles an hour, unable to get steam enough to reach it, now that it was in sight. Indeed we were in danger of drifting to sea, unless someone came to our rescue. It seemed to me that a struggle was going on somewhere to bring about the literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Sandy Calder: "Young, that

launch will be your coffin." The engineer as the last extremity broke up with his feet the small box in which we had our food. This fortunately gave us steam enough to get us sufficiently near to the land, a mile below Rigolet, to take the up-eddy along the shore, and in a few minutes we were safely landed at the post, glad indeed that we had escaped with our lives.

The engineer decided to abandon the steam-launch at Rigolet and proceed to Cartwright in a small row-boat. The men spent the night with me at Lester's Point, and left for Cartwright the next morning. Thus ended my first trip up Hamilton Inlet.

CHAPTER VII.

TEN WEEKS IN PARADISE.

When the stormy month of October sets in, travelling by boat is unwise and unsafe, and as the ice on the bays is seldom safe till the middle of December, the missionary of necessity gets a rest from hard travelling, at least three months in the year.

Previous to my time in Labrador the missionary spent his autumn and spring, when travelling was impossible, at headquarters, Lester's Point. The existing conditions at the Point that year made it almost impossible for me to follow the old plan; and besides I preferred to spend the autumn where the most people were. The families at the Point and most of the people in the adjacent places in the bay were removing, some to the lumber-mill and others to their winter hunting-grounds. So I resolved to close up the Mission House for the winter and spend the autumn at Paradise, Sandwich Bay.

Charlie and his family left for Mud Lake on October 1st, and I spent that night in the Mission House alone. The next day I crossed the bay to Rigolet,

where in a few days I was to take passage on the *Julia Sheridan* for Cartwright.

That night, long after dark, I noticed a small row-boat manned by two men and two women, coming alongside the wharf. One of the men as he crawled up over the wharf said: "Mr. Young, will you marry us?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "how many of you are getting married?"

"We be all geten married, sir."

I went to Mr. Fraser, the factor, and asked for a place in which to perform the marriage ceremony.

"All right," he said, "join them together down there in the cook-house."

It was an interesting sight to Mr. Calder and other Nova Scotians who were present, to see those two Labrador couples with their everyday clothes on gather in the old-fashioned Hudson's Bay Company's cook-house, to take upon them the solemn marriage vows. The following day the happy couples proceeded up the bay to the lumber mill.

One of the brides was Charlie Allen's daughter, whose name has already been mentioned and to whom we shall again refer. Charlie was rather eccentric, and positively refused to let his daughter go with her affianced the fifty miles to Lester's Point, without being married. So he called in John Williams, an old man who lived near by, who could read a little, and got him to

read something (I know not what) over his daughter and her future husband, "just to do them until they got to Rigolet where they could be married by the minister." One of the natives at Rigolet speaking to me of this temporary marriage, said: "I s'pose, sir, Mr. Williams jest put 'em together enough so as to do till they seen you."

On October 6th I started for Paradise. Captain Ash was then taking the *Julia Sheridan* to St. John's. In the evening the water became very rough and the captain thought it wise to take shelter, and ran into Pack's Harbour for the night. The steamer went up Sandwich Bay as far as Dove Brook, where Mr. Calder had a mill. This place is only fifteen miles from Paradise, and from there I went in a small boat, arriving at 9 o'clock at night.

The man who accompanied me there took me to the home of Robert Mesher, then an old man seventy-seven years of age. Mrs. Mesher, noticing my overcoat and thinking I must be a man of special importance, said with astonishment:

"And who is this you have brought with you, Charlie Pardy?"

"This is the new min'ster, ma'am," he replied, whereupon she grasped me with both hands, and after holding my hand for some time she almost dragged me to the table, where the old gentleman was sitting wonder-

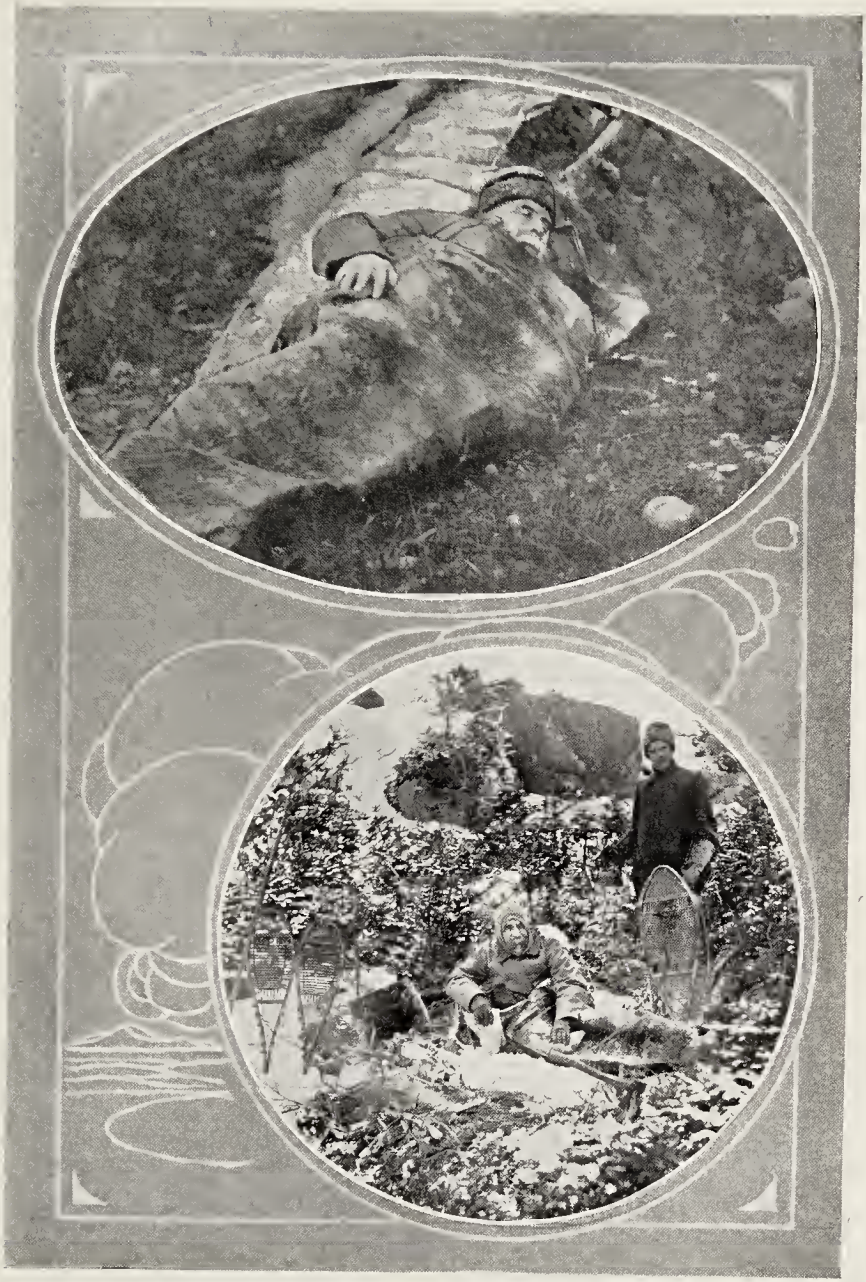
ing what strange man had come to his home; he was very hard of hearing, and up to this time did not know what was being said.

"This is the new min'ster, Robert," she said, and she began literally to jump about the room, exclaiming: "I am so glad, we'll have prayers now all the time. Oh, I am so glad."

A more hearty welcome I could not possibly have received than was given me by the people of Paradise. Quite a number of the neighbours gathered at Mr. Mesher's that night, late as it was, to see "the new min'ster." It was late in the night when they left, still Mrs. Mesher's tongue was going, and the excitement prevented any sleep from coming into her eyes. I was rather weary from the journey and felt more like sleeping than chatting all night, and wished that she would suggest that I go to bed. Of course I did not know whether there was a bed for me, or whether I would have to sleep in my sleeping-bag on the kitchen floor, during my three months' stay there.

Finally the old gentleman, thinking it was time we retired, looked up at the old lady and said in his rough way: "I think it's time to steer for Blanket Bay and to 'ave too under Cape Rug." I was given a large feather bed and a bedroom all to myself, a luxury Labrador seldom is able to give to a traveller, no matter who he may be.

Paradise, in comparison with most places on the Labrador, as its name suggests, is an ideal spot. It is



(a) Rev. A. A. Holmes, Missionary, in Sleeping-bag, Ready for the Night.
(b) Next Morning.

a beautiful little harbour, situated at the head of Sandwich Bay. It is lined with a coat of small spruce, and one of the largest rivers flowing into the bay runs into it. This formerly teemed with trout and salmon. The shores of the harbour are dotted with a dozen small houses, and a school-building, in which school is taught occasionally, and in which service is held. They now also have a nice little church there.

The people are natives of Labrador and mostly half-breeds. They are kind-hearted, full of simple generosity, are very religious, and possess a better knowledge of the outer world than their neighbours in Hamilton Inlet. I soon began to feel at home among this simple, kind-hearted and religious people and Paradise was to me, during my two years on the coast, a place of repose.

Robert and his good wife did their best to make the missionary comfortable. Their simple, free and unaffected kindness will never be forgotten. Mrs. Mesher was led to Christ by Mr. Newman, and I often heard her thank God for the faithful work of that devoted man who led her into the light of salvation. Robert, like most of the Eskimos, and half-breeds of Labrador, was very fond of singing, and took great delight in leading the singing in our little school-house. He was seventy-seven years of age yet his voice was still strong, clear and musical.

Formerly it was the custom for the Eskimo mother to carry her infant child all day long in a hood on her back. She cooked, washed, attended her rabbit snares, cut wood and did everything else she had to do with the child on her back.

There is a story told of an old woman of this settlement, who had a very narrow escape in this connection when a child. Her father, when she was an infant, was suffering from mental aberration, which made him a dangerous person. There were no doctors in Labrador in those days, and as for the asylum, the proper place for the man, they did not know that such a place existed and if they did it would not have helped them much. Several times he had acted violently and would have done something serious had he not been prevented by those watching him.

One morning when his wife with the child on her back left the house to attend her rabbit snares, about half a mile distant, he took his gun and followed her. He watched her very closely and just as she was stooping to take a rabbit out of the snare, he fired a load of powder and shot, which blew the mother's head to pieces; the infant upon her shoulders escaped unhurt.

During my three months' stay in Paradise a dozen young people were brought to Christ; that was at least half the youth of the place. The believers were strengthened and revived and all were delighted and

profited by the almost three months' continuous services. This was the first time in all their lives they had enjoyed such privileges, and many of them were beyond the seventieth year mark.

One Sunday morning a young married woman was so affected by the sermon, that she knelt down in the snow on her way home from service and prayed most pathetically to God for pardon. The temperature was about zero, but it was useless to advise her to go home and pray or to return to the church, so the missionary, too, knelt in the snow and prayed. That woman was a pitiable sight pleading so earnestly for deliverance from the burden of sin while exposed to the inclemency of a Labrador's winter day. There was a lack of faith and it was several months before she fully realized the touch of God's loving hand. But God will surely reward such earnestness, and at last it came to her in a clear consciousness of her acceptance with Christ. Reader, are you in possession of that blessing? If not, it would be well for you to take a leaf from the experience of this poor Labrador woman.

It was here that I first met the Mountaineer Indians. Every year they travel across southern Labrador, from the St. Lawrence to Sandwich Bay or Hamilton Inlet. They leave the St. Lawrence early in the autumn and travel slowly, completing the journey a few days before Christmas. A week before Christmas a gang of five

families camped four miles from Paradise and came out to trade. They were an interesting-looking crowd with their long, dark hair, dark faces and extremely hungry appearance, and especially the women with their long pipes in their mouths.

I visited their camp. They had five small calico tents put together in one large tent, in which the gang of five families lived. Each family occupied its own part of the tent. Of course even the most ordinary furniture is out of the question among Indians; they have no use for such incumbrances. The floor of the tent consisted of a carpet of spruce boughs, upon which they all sat, turning their feet in under them. We chatted with the men—the women could not talk English—and prayed with them. Then one of the Indians sang a hymn in the Mountaineer language. They were very reverent and seemed to appreciate my visit. They were Roman Catholics and their spiritual requirements are seen to by the priests, during the summer when the Indians live on the St. Lawrence coast.

Christmas in Labrador does not bring with it the same cheer and happiness that it does in more favoured lands. The children do not receive the same consideration and attention. Santa Claus, it is true, sometimes makes his appearance, but it is only a scanty supply that he can gather from the ice-bound coast and snow-capped hills of Labrador. Most of the children do not even

get a card to cheer their hearts and remind them of the meaning of the day.

The 28th of December was the day I had appointed to start on my long komatik journey around the mission. The feeling expressed by the people in our last service showed how much they regretted losing their preacher. It was expected then that nine months would elapse before they would have the privilege of hearing another sermon, and they felt it keenly.

The missionary, too, felt the parting. The people had come to him with all their troubles, and he had entered into their feelings. He was leaving behind a very kind-hearted and affectionate people and a dozen young converts without a shepherd.

On the morning of my departure a number of people gathered at the home of Mr. Robert Mesher to wish the missionary "good-bye" and to extend to him their best wishes. As I bade them farewell the affectionate people wept like a mother when parting with her only son. Thus we parted, with tears trickling down their faces and with a feeling of real loneliness in my own heart.

We shall hear of Paradise again.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILE JOURNEY ON KOMATIK.

The first day we went to Dove Brook. That was my first ride on komatik, and I should have enjoyed it much better had it not been for the painful effect of the morning's parting which followed me all day. At Dove Brook I met Charlie, my guide, who had come from Mud Lake after me. From him I learned for the first time the sad news that Leonidas Hubbard had died of starvation in October thirty-three miles from the head of Grand Lake, and that Dillon Wallace had barely escaped with his life. We were all very sorry for we had hoped that the expedition would have met with a more pleasant ending.

I was taken to the home of a Mr. Scott, a Canadian, who had spent five years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast and who at this time was running a business of his own at Dove Brook. We had a little service at his house that night. Mrs. Scott played the organ and the music was a real treat indeed.

I went to Cartwright and south to Sand Hill, preaching in practically every place where there was a Meth-

odist family. At Cartwright there was a Church of England school teacher, who held services on Sundays, while all the Church of England people between Cartwright and Battle Harbour were visited by the Anglican clergyman stationed at the latter place.

At Goose Cove when I was preaching, one of our dogs cut off his trace and made his escape. We had a very small team at the start—only six—now we were reduced to five. A first-class team would be eight or ten good dogs. In consequence of our poor team we had to walk a great deal, especially when the going was bad. This necessitated a slow journey; for a good team of dogs can get over the ice quite quickly.

Charlie was continually talking about our poor team of dogs. Sometimes after I had retired to my sleeping-bag I could overhear his conversation about the dogs. He was speaking to the host and it ran like this: "Ah, b'y, if I only had the team I had las' yer I git 'long all right; way 'tis our team no good. I had to lave Daisy at 'ome, and Tom no good parkapines got 'old him las yer and spiled him. Two young uns can't do 'ardly anyt'ing, only broke in few days 'fore I left."

My travelling outfit, in addition to my ordinary clothes, consisted of a pair of seal-skin pants, a sweater, an adikey, a pair of seal-skin mittens, a pair of moccasins, and a storm-hood. Of course we always took a sleeping-bag, which was made of seal-skin also and lined

with thick blanketing. The hole in the end of it was just big enough for a man to crawl through and on each side of it was a flap which could be buttoned over after you got in. This is essential; for some of the houses are very cold when the fire goes out at night. Even the coldest frost of the Arctic regions cannot pierce through a good sleeping-bag, and you can kick and turn over as often as you wish without the danger of removing the clothes or falling out of bed. Without the sleeping-bag it would be impossible to travel in winter in Labrador, because the people are too poor to supply you with bedding. Most of them have not sufficient for themselves, and I often wondered why some of them did not freeze to death during the cold winter nights. A good sleeping-bag costs about twenty dollars, and with care will last many years.

Travelling on komatik, being a new experience to me, was rather interesting. In the morning there would be some difficulty in getting all the dogs harnessed and fastened to the komatik. They were always eager to be off and often would drag the trace out of my hand before I had time to fasten it to the komatik. As soon as we were ready for a start, Charlie gave the command "ooisht" and instantly they were off at a gallop. The going was good and though our team was poor the dogs took us over the ice and across portages at a rapid pace. We were now in the depth of winter and the keen,

piercing frost was stimulating and invigorating, and travelling was really enjoyable. All the people looked forward to this visit by the missionary with keen anticipation, and in every humble home I got a hearty welcome. They were all very poor and could offer the missionary but a very meagre meal, but such as they had they gave willingly. Some of the people were very badly off.

On the 14th January we reached Valley's Bight, having covered nearly two hundred miles since leaving Paradise, on the 28th December. Of course we might have covered twice that distance in that time, but I was the missionary and had to spend a night at practically every place, as all expected a service from me. One could not have the heart to pass them by, for a year would elapse before he could visit them again. I was the only missionary in Hamilton Inlet, a great fiord nearly two hundred miles deep, and the people were scattered all along its shore. The number of families living in one place varied from one to three, but seldom exceeded that number.

I think most preachers would find it more difficult to preach to a family or two than to a large congregation, and there is always the temptation to reserve the best for the larger congregation. I felt that temptation: but how could I yield to it with the example of Jesus before me? Did He not say some of His best and sub-

limest things to a solitary individual? To Nicodemus He expounded the unfathomable mysteries of the New Birth, and to the woman of Samaria the eternal value of the living water, of which He was the only Source. I had something good to tell, to be sure, for the Gospel of Christ is man's most precious possession which he has inherited from the divine-human Christ, but I could not tell it half well enough for the poorest and most ignorant half-breed of Labrador, who drank in every word as it fell from my lips.

It was, to put it mildly, rather discouraging to see the majority of the people, to whom I was sent to preach the Word of Life, but once or twice a year. While at Valley's Bight, where we were detained several days by a heavy snowstorm, I had leisure to think upon these things. What is the use of two sermons a year anyway, if you cannot get more than that? Why spend the money and why shut a man up amidst the bleak isolations of Labrador when you can give the people there only such a meagre service? What benefit do the people receive, after all, from one or two flying visits from a missionary while all the rest of the year they are without spiritual help?

But a casual study of conditions would convince anyone of the benefit of those flying visits from the servant of God. This was their one and only outward link that united them to the Church of God. It showed

these poor, unfortunate people that they were not forgotten by the church, whose Founder came to preach the gospel to the poor. Ay, and many of those half-breeds who heard but one or two sermons a year were living lives that, from a moral and religious point of view, would put to shame many who live within a stone's cast of a church. Swearing is almost unknown among them. Those who do swear have learned to do so, either from the Newfoundlanders on the coast, or from the Nova Scotians at the lumber-mills. Many of our young men become notable swearers as a result of the baneful influence of those who should have taught them better things.

The poverty of the people, of which we saw much as we went along over our mission, was always a source of pain to the missionary. At Flat Water, when we passed, a mother with an infant on her breast had nothing to eat excepting bread without butter, and tea without sugar or molasses. In other words, as the people of Labrador say, "She had nothing to eat but dry bread and raw tea."

This was early in January and the only possible chance of getting anything better till July lay in the hope that her husband might catch an otter or silver fox, which hope she clung to with brave optimism. Such furs could be bartered at Rigolet for food and clothing, but the possibility of such a catch in that local-

ity was small. Whose heart would not be touched in seeing a fond mother, with her infant child, nibbling away at a bit of dry crust, without even the luxury of butter or salt meat? Was it any wonder she looked poor, thin and haggard? I fancy I can see that poor woman now, with her haggard face and pitiable expression. I know there are many even now living under the same conditions in Labrador, where the diet is extremely poor at its best. Such commodities as vegetables and fruit are practically unknown to the people.

We arrived at Valley's Bight in a snowstorm which continued four days. This made the going bad and there was no hope of getting the slightest lift on the komatik; our team was scarcely able to haul our load.

Bill Shephard, as he is called, is the only livyer in this place, and a comical fellow is Bill. In his younger days, like most of the Labrador people, he was fond of the dance. He was not able to read, but someone had told him the Bible says there is a time for all things and there is a time to dance.

He said to me: "Do you believe that's the kind of dancing we have on the Labrador that the Bible spakes of?"

"No," I replied, "I don't believe anything of the kind." He replied very vigorously and excitedly, "Well, den, I do."

It was of no use, of course, to try to convince him otherwise.

On the 18th we left Bill Shephard's, the nearest family being twenty miles distant. The wind was blowing a gale in our faces, the temperature was nearly forty below zero, and the snow was deep and heavy. The dogs soon became fatigued, so our progress was slow. We had travelled only a couple of miles when Charlie remarked:

"Mr. Young, you are froze."

"Where?"

"Your neck is froze."

Putting my hand to my neck I found it was hard and stiff. Charlie, by the application of snow, soon brought the frost out. I put my stormhood over my head, and that was the first and last time I was bitten with the frost while I was in Labrador.

It was evident that we were in for a hard day's travel. The frost was sharp and keen, the atmosphere was crisp; the Mealy Mountains stretched before us like giants in the air, while everything around us was held in the grip of winter's icy hand. Before us, as far as the eye could see, was a carpet of fleecy white, while looking down upon us were the stern, adamantine hills that wall the north side of the inlet.

I had neglected to provide myself with a pair of snow-shoes suitable for this country. The pair I had taken

with me from Newfoundland were wrongly shaped and altogether too small for the deep snow around the Hamilton Fiord. The straps were made of hard seal-skin, instead of the soft deer-skin such as is used in Labrador. The biting frost that day froze those seal-skin straps around my feet like bars of iron and made travelling painful. As the sun was setting behind the hills I saw a house peeping through the trees from a low strip of land, a mile distant. A half-hour later we were shaking hands with Mrs. Robert Baikie and her sister at the Lowland. My feet were chafed a little and we were somewhat tired after the hard day's travel; soon we forgot the experience of the day as we sat by the warm fire in that little log hut nestled among the trees.

Those two women, with five small children, were living alone; their nearest neighbours were the Shephard family at Valley's Bight, which we had left in the morning. Mr. Baikie was gone to the head of Grand Lake to attend his fur traps, and would be away for a month or more. I said to Mrs. Baikie:

"Are you not lonely here with your husband away, and no family nearer than twenty miles?"

"No, sir," she answered, "I am never lonely."

Before retiring we held a short service which the family enjoyed very much.

The silence of the north, if I may use that expression, can almost be felt, and the people, accustomed as they

are to living alone, have lost to a large degree that social instinct so prominent in larger centres. It is a native's delight to settle down in a cosy place among the trees several miles from any other family. No doubt, temporal necessities have helped to establish this custom. Living thus gives each man a large portion of hunting-ground, and enables him to obtain a livelihood more easily than if all clustered in little villages. If they congregated they would, of necessity, have to penetrate deeper into the interior in search for furs, which would mean harder work and not as good returns.

Each man, according to the custom of the coast, owns that patch of land stretching on either side of his log-hut, and extending to his neighbour's boundary line, a distance of ten, twenty and even forty miles. Over all this stretch of land traps are set to catch any fur-bearing animals that may be there.

But while there is this advantage there are many disadvantages resulting from this manner of living. The social faculty has little opportunity for development: it affords practically no possibility for any but the most meagre education, while a definite course of spiritual training could not be attempted.

As I crawled out of my sleeping-bag the next morning and peeped through the corner of the ice-cased window, I saw by the hard and frosty appearance of the sky that we were going to have another bitterly cold day.

GIVING THE DOGS THEIR ONE DAILY MEAL.

"'Tis too cold for you to travel this mornin', Mr. Young," said Mrs. Baikie, as she saw me getting ready to start. When I opened the door of the hut and went out I never felt anything so keen as that morning air. The poor dogs were lying in a double on the icy snow with their noses between their hind legs.

"Charlie, give these poor, perishing hounds something to eat before we start on our hard day's travel."

"Dat wouldn't do, sir. If you feed 'em you git no good of 'em. All they need, sir, is one male a day in the evenin'."

I found afterwards that Charlie was right. These wolf-dogs are useless all day if they get a morning meal. One meal a day in the evening is sufficient for an Eskimo dog. Given good going they will run the whole day with their tongues out about three inches, without a bite to eat. At first I thought that was cruel, but it is the only way one can get any work out of a Labrador dog.

We started off and the going was so bad that I had to make a trail for the dogs, while Charlie helped them to get the komatik along.

"How far is it, Charlie, to Pearl River, where the Chaulk families live?" I asked.

"Twenty-two miles, sir."

"And is there no one living nearer than that?"

"No, sir."

"No tilt or anything in which we could take shelter in case of storm?"

"Not a t'ing."

The temperature was forty degrees below zero that day, the coldest Hamilton Inlet had witnessed for a long time. The dogs were never worse and it was with difficulty that they could haul the komatik through the deep snow. Everything around had a cold, rugged and stern appearance. The sun came peeping over the hill; but as he skimmed along by the horizon he had but little power to subdue the effect of the terrible frost.

My feet began to chafe. The friction caused by the hard straps of my snow-shoes was producing severe pain, and I could feel that with every step I made the sores on both feet were getting deeper. The heavy walking, the severe cold, my sore feet, all combined, made travelling a misery that day.

After walking many hours and thinking we must be getting near Pearl River I stopped and waited for Charlie, who was a few hundred yards behind with the komatik.

"We must be very near to Pearl River now, are we not?" I said.

"We be just half-way now, sir. Wot's the matter wi yah feet?"

"The snow-shoe straps are chafing them, Charlie."

"'Tis too cold fer yah to tek off yah boots yer, sir."

We went into the bush near by, burrowed a hole in the snow, lit a fire and made some tea, which refreshed us very much. However, it was too severely cold to remove my moccasins and fix up my feet; neither could I remedy the straps in any way, so on we went. It was with a sense of relief that just at dusk I saw smoke rising up from a patch of woods yonder. Never was I more glad to see smoke rising from a chimney.

It was not long before I appeared before the open door of Chaulk's house.

"Good evenin' sir. You be the new min'ster, I s'pose?"

"Yes. This is a cold day, Mr. Chaulk."

"Yes, sir, the coldest ever I seen in my life."

When I brushed the snow off my moccasins, to my surprise, I saw that they were encased with blood. Mr. Chaulk was much frightened.

"Tek off your moccasins and see how your feet is, Mr. Young," said Mrs. Chaulk.

Being saturated with blood the moccasins and socks were frozen together. I was afraid my feet were badly frozen, which might prove serious without medical aid. When I thawed my socks apart and removed them I found there was nothing more serious than that two toes on each foot were chafed nearly to the bone.

After tea the two families of this settlement gathered for service. Resting one knee on a chair, and one foot lightly on the floor, I conducted a short service, after

which I retired to my sleeping bag and slept as only a tired man can do, till daylight.

I could not wear snow-shoes the next day. Mrs. Daniel Campbell's winter quarters were at Muligan, four miles farther up the bay, so I resolved to go to her hospitable home and rest awhile. It was hard travelling as I had to wade through about two feet of snow without snow-shoes. After nearly three hours of labourious work we arrived at Mrs. Campbell's and were welcomed in good Labrador style to the home of the oldest lady in the bay.

I remained with her four days; and what interesting days these were to me! Her good memory enabled her to relate interesting stories about the old Eskimos, the first comers from England, Lord Strathcona's dealings with the people, etc. It was her one wish now to be near a minister when she was passing out of this world. This comfort was not granted, however, but the Master was there Himself, which was infinitely better.

On January 25th I left Muligan and arrived at North-West River the following day. Here I met George Elson, the Indian guide, who had accompanied Hubbard and Wallace in the wild. Wallace was at Kenemesh under Dr. Hardy's care, while the body of Mr. Hubbard was still lying under the snow, seventy miles from North-West River. At this place that remarkable man, the late Lord Strathcona, then Donald Smith, spent several of his seventeen years in Labrador.

He accomplished many remarkable tasks during his long life, but the greatest, perhaps, was his endurance of the isolations and privations of Labrador for so many years.

The next day I proceeded to Mud Lake, the terminus of the mission. Thus after a month of arduous travels over the ice, through snow, across portages, under difficult and trying conditions, I looked forward with pleasure to a short rest.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW WEEKS AT MUD LAKE.

Mud Lake was then the winter headquarters in Labrador of Dickie and Company; and as this place was the centre of activity in the bay I purposed to spend a couple of months there. With this in view, I had arranged in the summer with one of the natives of Mud Lake, whom I met at Rigolet, for two months' lodgings with him during the winter. This man had deposited several hundred dollars in the bank that year, so I expected his home was the best in the place. He was a widower and his mother, a woman sixty-five years of age, was keeping house for him.

On arriving at his home I introduced myself to the old lady and was invited in. I had to stoop considerably to get into the porch, and when I entered the kitchen discovered it to be the only room in the house. On either side of this kitchen was a table on one of which was a sewing machine; in the centre of the room was a large stove, while at one end was a stool on which stood two water pails. At the other end were three beds in a row, exactly in the same position as bunks in

a lumber camp. There was no loft in the house, and the most conspicuous things overhead were cobwebs. So this was to be my home for a couple of months. There was no better available. I wanted to do something for the people of this centre and also to do some studying, for this was my first year's probation.

The man of the house was away attending his fur traps, and did not expect to be home for a month. The old lady saw that I was hesitating and thinking that I was worrying because her son was away said: "It makes no diff'rence, sir, 'bout my son bein' away, you can stop yer all the same."

I felt a little indignant for there were plenty of logs nearby that might be sawed into boards, and the house might be partitioned off into rooms. Looking at the old lady, and pointing towards the exposed beds, I said, "And where am I going to sleep, there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "you can sleep der."

I gave her to understand that I could not sleep in a bed so exposed and if nothing else could be done we should have to put up a screen. Whereupon she took down the piece of cotton that was hanging from the beam to the outer edge of her own bed, rummaged her box and brought out a piece of cretonne which together with the piece of cotton she tacked to the beam and to the side of the house three feet from the outer edge of my bed, just giving room enough to undress.

The windows were immovable; and the continuance of the same air, with the long accumulation of dust, created an atmosphere sickening in the extreme. Frequently when the large stove was doing its best, I had to put down my book and run out of doors to catch a breath of fresh air.

The old lady was a sufferer from catarrh, which she termed a cold, and frequently used her apron and her hands as substitutes for a handkerchief. One day when I came home after being away a few days, she turned her dark eyes to me and said:

"He's comin' 'round 'gen, Mr. Young."

"Who's coming around again?" I enquired.

"The cold, sir, soon as he's gone he comes back agen."

There was plenty of trout in the river close by the house and barrels of them could be caught. My bill of fare, for the most part, three times a day was bread, tea and trout. A few times only the table was enriched with fresh meat from the gun of the hunter. I do not write these things to throw any reflection on the people of Labrador. I write them only to show the nature of mission work there, the kind of people and the condition under which they live.

Twice on Sunday I preached to the natives and a few lumbermen in a small dwelling-house. I soon found that the lumbermen were exerting a demoralizing influence upon the easily-led people of Labrador. In the

same house in which I preached on Sundays, dancing was kept up until the early hours of the morning, largely through the influence of the white man.

The weak and easily-led natives were carried away by this practice and were so captivated by it that it was hard for the Word of Life to find a lodging-place in their hearts. I felt what little good was accomplished on Sunday was often destroyed by the evil influence of the week. No one was brought into the consciousness of pardoning grace and the spiritual atmosphere, such as we enjoyed at Paradise, was sadly lacking. How often those who have been blessed with better opportunities have by their misuse exerted the worst influence, and the unfortunate people whom they should have uplifted and helped have been lowered and degraded!

I visited the lumber-camps and was given a hearty welcome. One man said to me: "I did not expect to see a clergyman visit our camp away up here in Labrador." I held service in all the camps, and these lumbermen, away from home and church, appreciated my visit very much. Unfortunately with the large field I had to cover it was very little I could do for them.

I visited Kenemesh also, a twenty-mile walk from Mud Lake. Here I found Dr. Hardy, the Company's doctor, very ill. He was the only doctor within four hundred miles of the mill. He had given up hope of his own recovery, and was feeling very keenly his ina-

bility to render any assistance to the sick, and grieved that he himself was destined to die away up in the far north, far from home and friends.

Here I also met Dillon Wallace, who was at Kennemesh under treatment for his feet, which had been badly frost-bitten during his return trip from the wild. For a time the doctor's efforts to effect a cure proved futile, and the despondent doctor remarked: "Well, Wallace, we are both destined to die here together." But while he could not cure himself he succeeded before his death in bringing Mr. Wallace back to health.

Mr. Stanton, the Company's electrician, who accompanied Mr. Wallace on his second trip in the wild, had just installed an electric plant in the Company's buildings at Kenemesh. I had the honour of preaching the first and perhaps the last sermon in a house lighted by electricity, in Labrador.

This was in February and this morning the temperature was sixty below zero, the lowest for the year. Mr. Bentley, the Company's store-keeper, had a great deal of trouble with his rather long, protruding nose; almost every day for a month it caught with the frost, and it became so sore that some declared he would lose it. One night while sleeping in bed, he felt himself grasping something very hard, which seemed to him an axe-handle. It turned out, however, to be his nose. which had frozen hard and stiff.

On the 22nd of March I again visited Kenemesh, arriving there two hours and a half before the spirit of Dr. Hardy took its flight into the Great Beyond. I spoke a few comforting words to him, and while I was reading the eighth chapter of Romans, he peacefully passed away.

Dr. Hardy was a native of Prince Edward Island and had been a Christian for many years. We gave his body temporary burial in the snow, from which place it was taken on the arrival of the first steamer to the coast, and conveyed to his home.

During the interval between my first visit to Kenemesh and this, I made a trip up Grand Lake. This trip will be the subject matter of the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP UP GRAND LAKE.

The distance from Mud Lake to the head of Grand Lake, the winter quarters of some trappers whom I promised to visit, was fifty-six miles. The heaviest falls of snow come in March, and I knew a hard walk was before us. On March the 6th we left Mud Lake and walked that day to North-West River.

Here I met Mr. Wallace making preparations for bringing the body of Mr. Hubbard out of the wild. This was the 7th of March and the body had lain under the snow since the previous October, when the intrepid explorer had dropped at his post. Mr. Wallace, not having fully recovered, tried to secure the aid of trappers to help him. This was difficult for they wished to spend most of the winter on their hunting-grounds. He succeeded at length in getting two men, Thomas Blake and Duncan McLean, to go with George Elson. They left on the 9th of that month. Mr. Wallace was eager to do all in his power for his captain and leader, Mr. Hubbard. I slept that night with Mr. Wallace and with deep pathos he related to me in part the sad story of their trip in the wild.

We left Thomas Blake's at the Rapids early on the 8th. At noon we halted, boiled the kettle and got lunch. We still had twenty miles of such heavy walking before us that at dark we were many miles from our destination. I felt weary, for my powers of endurance were weakened as a result of the poor food obtained in Labrador. Moreover, to make matters worse, I had sprained one of my ankles in lifting up the snow that gathered on my snowshoes every step I made.

At 8 o'clock p.m., after a walk of thirty-seven miles through a heavy fall of snow, we staggered into Donald Blake's house at the head of the lake. Donald had left the day before for his hunting-trail up the Nascaupee River, but Mrs. Blake gave us a hearty welcome, and appreciated greatly the long, heavy walk I had undertaken in order to visit them. That night I had the privilege of leading her to Christ; surely that was worth my hard trip of a hundred miles, for as Jesus said one soul is worth more than the whole world.

The next day Donald returned home as a fresh fall of snow made travelling too heavy for him to proceed into the wild. We were delighted to see each other. Putting nine dollars in my hand, "Yer," he said, "take that, you is the first man that ever walked away up yer to see us." Donald was one of the well-to-do trappers, having as a reward of his industry a comparatively

AN ESKIMO IGLOO (SNOW-HOUSE) AND DOG-TRAIN.

large bank account in St. John's. He was quite religious, and gave a tenth of his income to the cause of God.

On the 13th I went to the mouth of the Nascaupee River to visit another trapper, Alan Goudie. There I met Duncan McLean and George Elson on their way to the interior for the body of Mr. Hubbard. They had no difficulty in locating the place where the body lay. Though George had not been there since he left Mr. Hubbard in the tent on that memorable day, the 16th October, five months before, his Indian instinct carried him right to the tent, and the first time digging down through six feet of snow found the body unhurt.

The following day we returned to the Rapids. The long journey down the lake proved to be more wearisome than the journey inland. This was worse in consequence of the heavy falls of snow, and my sprained ankle made travelling very painful. The thirty-seven miles to Thomas Blake's at the Rapids seemed to be over fifty. We must have walked, I think, over forty miles that day, and forty miles through deep snow would be worse than fifty on a good road, for when darkness set in we were still twelve miles from the Rapids. The dread of walking into the open water necessitated our keeping to the land and walking around the bights instead of taking a straight course from point to point.

At 9 o'clock p.m. we reached Thomas Blake's. My left leg seemed as if it were broken at the knee-joint,

and I was too tired to sleep well on a hard floor, nevertheless, the next day I had a walk of fifteen miles to visit a family I had not seen since arriving on the mission.

At North-West River I met a young Eskimo, Willie Ikie by name, very much excited over the pleasant prospect of an early marriage. Willie was very simple and Mr. McKenzie, the factor at the post, took great delight in teasing him, much to the amusement of Mr. Wallace. "Now," said McKenzie to Willie, "if you will marry Christiana (a girl who lived four miles away at a post called Butter and Snow), I will give you a barrel of flour, a clock and four dollars to pay the missionary." Willie shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"You know you ought to get married, Willie," McKenzie would say.

"There is no life like married life. I am sure Christiana loves you, I saw her smiling at you the other day." Willie grinned. The boy was working for a French Company on the other side of the river.

"Now the first thing you must do, Willie," said McKenzie, "is to ask the Company if they will allow you to bring your wife there." Willie did so.

"Now the next thing you must do, is to ask the missionary if he will marry you."

Just as I was leaving North-West River for Mud Lake I heard someone behind me calling out, "Hi, Hi." Looking around I saw Willie coming after me.

"Well, Willie, what is it?"

"'ll yah merry me, sir?"

"Oh, Willie, I will see about it later on."

Willie at once went to McKenzie—for he looked upon him as his adviser in all such matters—informing him that the missionary had consented to marry him.

Willie had not yet spoken to Christiana about the matter. In the meantime I wrote to Christiana's brother in view of persuading him to prevent the marriage if possible, but he refused to interfere. McKenzie, of course, did not think it was so serious and thought it would go off in a joke.

"Well," said McKenzie, "if the Company has no objections to you bringing your wife to their post and the missionary has promised to marry you, then she must consent."

"Ya," said Willie, giving vent to one of his peculiar grins.

"You must go to Butter and Snow some day and ask Christiana if she will marry you."

Again Willie grinned consent and early one morning he made his way to Christiana's home. What language he used to express his all-pervading desire I do not know, but it had the desired effect. When I visited the North-West River a month later Willie and Christiana were at the post and everything was in readiness for the wedding.

Willie entered the room with his bride leaning on his arm. I had great difficulty in getting them both through the ceremony. Every word I said brought a grin from Willie, while Christiana kept looking at him as though for advice on her part of the ceremony. Wallace and McKenzie were greatly amused.

After they were married I said to Willie: "What church do you belong to?"

"The same church our Saviour 'longs to, sir."

"What church?" I asked again.

"Same church our Saviour 'longs to, sir."

Willie not only succeeded in getting Christiana, but he got his barrel of flour, clock and four dollars cash, the last of which he put in my hand as an acknowledgment of the invaluable service I had rendered him.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM MUD LAKE TO PARADISE.

I was anxious to visit again the little log huts nestled among the trees around the inlet and if possible to go as far as Sandwich Bay. There lay between Mud Lake and Paradise over two hundred miles of rough and hard travelling; I started early in April so as to get back to Lester's Point before the break-up.

At North-West River I found Mr. Wallace making preparations for conveying the body of Mr. Hubbard along the coast. The travelling down the bay was poor and as we had to make so many calls we did not reach Rigolet till the 13th. All the people were delighted to see the missionary again and enjoyed and appreciated the second and last sermon for the year.

At Rigolet I met Mr. Swaffield, who offered to take me to Cartwright on his komatik. As it would be too late for Charlie to return to Mud Lake after spending a fortnight with me at Paradise, I sent him back and embraced the opportunity so kindly offered by Mr. Swaffield.

On the evening of the first day after leaving Charlie we were caught in one of those dreaded snowstorms

which so often sweep the coast of Labrador. After some time ploughing through the snow Mr. Swaffield decided to turn into a river in search of a livyer's hut on the river-bank, two miles inland. But the driver, competent as he was, in the blinding snowstorm lost the trail and for three hours we wandered through little groves of small spruce, across marches and over banks of snow until 10 o'clock. Then having given up all hope of finding a night's shelter we decided to halt.

We burrowed a hole in the snow with our snowshoes, gathered a little wood and lit a fire. We had, however, but little shelter as the place was rather barren and the trees were low and scattered. We huddled together around our little fire, which at times was almost extinguished by the falling snow, and determined to make the best of a bad job. The worst feature about the whole matter was that none of our party knew the direction that would bring us to the trail. We had eleven dogs with us, nine of Mr. Swaffield's and two of mine. Our supply of food was small and someone remarked: "Surely we shall get out before we get the eleven dogs eaten."

One of my dogs during the previous summer had come into too close contact with a porcupine, and as a consequence had received a shower of quills, which were now working their way through his body and making him very sick. For that reason I said, "I should not

like to eat Tom." I thought if it came to the worst I might manage to eat Ranter, a very affectionate dog. Sometimes in spite of my efforts I would fall asleep and every time I could see the dogs ploughing through the snow with their ears just peeping above the surface. The ears of an Eskimo dog, unlike those of other dogs, always stand up.

Just as the dawn broke in the eastern sky and the stars came peeping through the clouds as it cleared a little, my mind went back to that night just twelve months before, which I had spent so comfortably in my own home. It was my birthday and during tea someone (I forget whom) said to me, "Where do you expect to be on your next birthday?"

"I do not know," I replied.

When it came, however, I found myself somewhere in Labrador down in a hole of snow about five feet deep, lost. Then those words came back to me with a vivid reality.

As we crawled out of our hole in the snow I saw that this birthday was to be a memorable one. The sky was already clear and bright, and it could easily be seen that it was going to blow hard and freeze. That meant with two feet of light snow down that the whole country would be so full of drifting snow that one would hardly be able to see the dogs to the komatik, much less the trail.

We hastened to find the trail, if possible, before the

wind came. But that seemed hopeless and for hours we wandered about, not knowing in what direction we were going. At last we struck a river fifty yards wide. We followed it towards the sea as we thought. After we had walked along this river half a mile, John, our driver, said: "I b'lieve we are goin' in the country 'stead of out." To make sure, if possible, he put his practiced eye on the river to see in which direction the descent was. Then he climbed up a tree and from its top saw in the ocean an island which he recognized.

We retraced our course, but before we reached the coast the wind had risen almost to a gale and the drifting snow was whirling in all directions. The temperature had fallen below zero. If we missed the house this time our case would be a bad one, accordingly we abandoned further search and made a dash for Samuel Pottle's at West Bay. Sometimes we could scarcely see the leading dog and I doubted if our guide could pilot us safely there. When, however, through the blinding snow we shot over the hill and our dogs stopped suddenly before the inviting door of Pottle's house, my faith in John was raised higher than ever.

This was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and we were all glad to find ourselves at last comfortably sheltered from the raging storm. The usual meal of bread and tea was put before us. How I longed for something more strengthening, which longing was intensified by the sight of fifty newly-killed sea-ducks lying on the porch floor!

By the morning the wind had completely ceased and perfect silence reigned everywhere. This was more noticeable in contrast with the roaring wind of the previous day. We had over thirty miles of heavy walking to Cartwright, and I still felt the effect of the ankle-sprain I had received on my long tramp up Grand Lake.

We made an early start; the days were now long and we hoped to reach our destination by dark. Mr. Swaffield, having no snowshoes, remained on the komatik, helping it along by the aid of his feet as much as possible, for the dogs' hauling powers were taxed to the utmost that day.

It was the hardest day's travel of my life and the longest in time though not in distance. For hours we travelled in silence, all feeling too tired to talk. We halted at noon at Cape Porcupine, while Mrs. George Davis prepared a meal of bread and tea. When darkness came over the land we were nine miles from Cartwright. How quiet and silent everything was now! To us it seemed as though we were the only people in the world. The silence of the north is very impressive. All nature is held in the hand of a strong but silent power, except when broken by the roaring of the wind or groaning of the ice.

The last few miles to Cartwright seemed long. I was almost too tired and hungry to proceed and felt at times like lying down on the ice. The silence of the party

would be broken occasionally by the encouraging words of Mr. Swaffield, "Never mind, Mr. Young, we will soon be there." It was a beautiful night overhead and Cartwright could be seen in the distance, but it was labourious work getting through the thick snow. One could not help pitying the poor, hungry hounds as they wallowed through the snow.

At last, at 11 o'clock p.m., an hour before Sunday, we arrived at Cartwright. Mrs. Swaffield had given up expecting Mr. Swaffield that night. I soon had the privilege of partaking of what I seldom got in Labrador, a solid meal of fresh meat and other luxuries. Mr. Swaffield offered me a glass of rum to revive me, but I declined it. He was not a drinker, but he thought that I should feel justified in deviating from the stern rules of our church under such circumstances. Speaking of the matter afterwards to one of our men at Paradise he said, "Mr. Young is a man of principle." I had forgotten all about it and when told of the incident could hardly remember it. Mr. Swaffield himself is a man of principle, and has always been a sympathetic friend to the lonely missionary on the coast, and deeply interested in the moral and spiritual well-being of the unfortunate people of Labrador. He is still on the coast.

That night I slept in a comfortable bed. I preached twice on Sunday at Cartwright, and on Monday completed the journey to Paradise.

CHAPTER XII.

LIVING ALONE.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the komatik turned up the hill leading to the welcome door of Robert Mesher's house. They were all glad to see the missionary, more especially as they did not expect me to give them another visit that year, and I was happy to find myself again by the familiar fireside.

The following night we had service. We had a delightful time; they sang and prayed in the good, old, Methodist fashion. I remained at Paradise a fortnight. The believers were greatly strengthened and helped after the long absence of services.

We had a social evening worth mentioning at the home of Robert Mesher, the occasion being the golden wedding of the couple. Doctors are few and far between in Labrador, but still some of the people live to a good, round age. In Paradise where there were only eleven families two old couples had celebrated their golden wedding, while another man was still comparatively active in his eighty-fourth year.

On the 2nd of May I again said "good-bye" to the friends of Paradise and soon we were off at a gallop over the

smooth ice of the bay. The going was excellent, as it is generally that time of the year; the ice was still strong and in less than three hours we were at Cartwright. I learned that Mr. Wallace had passed just a few days before on his way to Battle Harbour with the body of Mr. Hubbard. What a sad home-going for Mr. Wallace!

The next day Reuben Mesher, who brought me from Paradise, accompanied me across the bay, where I engaged another man to take me to Cape Porcupine. I held a service at George Davis' that night and arranged for him to take me to Lester's Point the next day, a distance of sixty miles.

"My team is good fer dat," said George.

"I want to call in and see the people when passing."

"All right, sir, my dogs is good fer it."

George had a good team of dogs and he took as much pride in them as a Newfoundland fisherman does in a new schooner or a wealthy citizen does in an automobile.

Just as the sun peeped above the horizon the next morning we started on our long day's journey. At first the dogs went at a rapid pace of ten miles an hour, but after two or three hours' race they slowed down a little. Never did Labrador witness a more glorious day. The sun shone in all his strength upon the white snow, which was fast disappearing before his heating power; and an occasional groan of the sea in its efforts to burst itself free from its winter shackles of ice, the rattle of

our komatik, the pat-pat-pat of the dogs' paws upon the snow were all that could be heard.

We called at four places during the day, and had a word of prayer at each and three times had a "bite to eat." The people scattered along this part of the bay are very badly off. One woman told me that a few years previous to my visit she was four days without a morsel of any kind of food in her house. She was a widow and without means. In many cases such helpless people were not looked upon very kindly by the agents at the post. It was only when she had a meal or two of flour left that she sent her son for food to Rigolet, a distance of thirty miles. He had barely reached Rigolet when one of those terrible Labrador storms came and it was four days ere he returned with his meagre relief. Meantime his widowed mother killed a half-starving dog and cooked it for her four helpless and starving children. But she herself could not "stomach" the dog. When her son returned she was in a state of semi-consciousness and doubtless in a few hours would have died from starvation, had not relief come.

A poor fellow for the same reason had stayed too long before he sought relief at Rigolet. He was caught in a snowstorm a few miles from his hut, and being weakened by starvation soon gave up the struggle. After the storm abated he was found frozen in the ice.

Just at dusk, having covered our journey of sixty miles, we arrived at Lester's Point. This was the longest distance I had covered on komatik in one day, and I wondered many times how the dogs could keep up their steady trot during all that long journey having had nothing to eat since the evening before. George had good reason to be proud of his team of dogs. Unfortunately not a solitary soul was found at the Point, so we returned to William Mugford's for the night, and George went home the next day.

William Mugford belonged to Cupids, Newfoundland. His house was two miles from Lester's Point, where he had lived since he had settled in Labrador, twenty years before.

"What induced you to come to Labrador?" I asked.

"I came to Labrador, sir, because I thought I could make an easier living."

The 11th May I went across the bay to Tickeraluk. At this place there were five families, quite a large number for a settlement in Hamilton Inlet. Up to the previous autumn only three families had lived there. I said to Jerry Flowers, with whom I was staying, "Your place is improving. You have more company now since those other families have moved in."

"Yes," he answered, "the fact o' th' matter is, sir, we have too much comp'ny."

He was afraid, of course, that the newcomers might encroach upon his hunting-ground. Give a Labrador

man a little hut comfortably situated among the trees with no one nearer to him than ten or twenty miles and he is happy.

During my short stay at Tickeraluk Jerry killed several wild geese. This was the time of the year that they go north and large flocks could be seen going in that direction every day. It was a great treat to the hungry missionary to satisfy his hitherto insatiable appetite with this delicious food. You can imagine how he felt after living for ten months literally upon bread and tea, to see before him a large, fat goose nicely cooked. Music, art and literature give great intellectual delight and pleasure, but a good, fat goose is better for a hungry stomach.

I preached in Jerry's house twice on Sundays, while during the week I did some cramming with my studies. The people enjoyed the fortnight the missionary spent with them. They were good, moral-living people and claimed they were doing the best they could in religious matters. Surely their privileges were few, but one would be better satisfied if they could witness to a definite change of heart.

On the 24th of May, Jerry went to his summer post across the bay, while I went to Lester's Point. Most of the people have their summer and winter quarters and in some cases these are a hundred miles apart. Every fall and spring they can be seen putting all their belong-

ings into a little dingey and going off, in the fall to their hunting-ground, in the summer to their salmon post. The worst feature about this is the constant removal of the sick and the aged. For them the continual moving under such conditions is terrible. To see old women and sick people unfit to be out of bed crouched down in one of those miserable boats, during a long journey in October, touches the heart of the hardest man.

Joe Groves, Jerry's brother-in-law, an invalid, lived with Jerry and with friends since his wife's death. He had worn himself out in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Joe had been an active man and a faithful worker, but had received meagre wages. Now when he was bent and crouched from hard work and disease he had to get along as best he could. It never seemed to occur to him or to the Company that they should support him and provide a home for him at the post, but some of us thought differently. He had served them many long years, in helping to add to their fortunes, and now in justice he should not have been thrown off when he could serve them no longer. This world has not yet reached the stage when the poor man receives justice. Those living in the poorer sections are crushed in spirit. Having always lived in an extremely dependent state it seems to be impossible to arouse in them a spirit of independence.

I was expecting my examination papers to arrive at Rigolet in July, so I resolved to devote a month to study.

I was all alone at the Point, the nearest people being the Mugford family; I made up my mind to study at the Point and sleep at Mugford's.

Each day's work for the following three weeks was as follows:—Rising early I took my breakfast at Mugford's, then started for the Point, climbing around the shore or over the ice barricades like a goat for there are no roads in Labrador; an hour's walk brought me to the Mission House. By the time sufficient wood was cut to last the day and the fire lit, it was 10 o'clock. From 10 o'clock till 12 o'clock was spent in study, then the kettle was put on and the dinner was prepared. After dinner, the dishes washed, I went for a walk around the Point. I could see Rigolet two miles distant across the bay, but nothing else to tell me there was any life on the rugged coast. At 2 o'clock I sat down to study and at 5 o'clock prepared tea, after which I returned to Mugford's home arriving there about dusk, sometimes a little before. Those were lonely days to me and I realized the truth of those words, "It is not good for man to be alone" as never before.

When on the morning of the 14th of June I cast my eyes across the bay and saw Thomas Groves and his family in a small boat coming towards the Point, their summer quarters, my joy, for the time being, seemed full.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF SUMMER.

I now decided to live in the Mission House alone, night and day. I was not made for a hermit's life and I confess I did not enjoy it very well. I was not, however, entirely void of company, for mice could be heard nearly all night long running about upstairs like children. One night I was awakened by something crawling over my naked feet. After some kicking I heard a mouse fall on the floor, but immediately it jumped on my head and the battle continued and the second time the mouse fell on the floor. But in a moment it was on my feet again. "You miserable creature," I said, "you are determined to sleep with me to-night, are you?" With a tremendous kick I landed it the third time on the floor. Finding its company was not wanted it gave up the idea of sleeping with the missionary.

Hamilton Inlet during a gale of wind on the 11th of June freed itself from the last bridge of ice that had so long held it in its grip. Every day there were new arrivals from the bay. The natives, bringing most of their belongings, were coming in their little boats from their

winter quarters to their salmon posts. Charlie had promised to come down the bay as soon as it broke up in the spring and now I was expecting him every day.

On the 23rd of June I saw a man with short legs, long body and auburn whiskers, stepping ashore from a small boat near the Mission House. It was Charlie.

"Hello, Charlie," I said, "where is Mrs. Flowers?"

"She is up to th' lumber-camp cookin' fer some lumbermen, sir."

"You promised me you would all come down as soon as the ice broke up."

"Yes, sir; but I couldn't very well bring 'er down and tek 'er back 'gain in th' fall."

To solve my difficulty Thomas Groves and his family moved into the Mission House. I was a poor cook and it was a great relief to me, after cooking a month for myself, to have my meals brought into the dining-room to me.

The only signs of summer yet were the breaking up of the ice, the melting of the snow and the rising of the temperature. No schooner or steamer from the outer world had yet made its appearance, no signs of sprouting grass could be seen and no wild flower had yet attempted to unfold itself in the sun.

From the flag-stand a hundred yards from the Mission House one could see ten miles down the bay. How often I went to that stand and strained my eyes trying to

make out a schooner's sail or a steamer's smoke! I must have gone there a hundred times, until at last I felt that I must look in vain. Finally on the 24th of June after such a long wait for the approach of something from the outer world, I saw a schooner sailing in the bay. What a welcome sight and what a relief! This was the first thing I had seen from the outer world since the 8th of October, over eight months before. It was a fishing schooner from Newfoundland and had come to the bay for wood. She was anchored five miles from the Point. Thomas Groves and I went aboard the next morning to glean the news.

"Well, Captain," I said, as I crawled in over the rail of the schooner, "how is all the world getting along?"

"Oh, everything is much the same, only there is a great war raging between Russia and Japan."

"And what is the news in Newfoundland?"

"Nothing. Has the mail boat not arrived yet?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Then she will soon for she was to leave on the 14th," was the consoling reply.

This was Saturday, and the same evening as I was sitting in my study poring over one of my text-books Mrs. Groves knocked at the door and said, "Mr. Young, there is a steamer comin' up th' bay." The book was immediately dropped and Thomas' boy

and I started for Rigolet. She passed us in the stream but it was too dark to make out her name.

"I don't believe it is the *Virgina Lake* now," I said.

"Oh yes, sir, 'tis she all right," the boy replied.

When we paddled by the steamer's side at Rigolet I read on her bow "*Viking.*" It was the steamer of Dickie and Company from Halifax, bound for Kenemesh. We paddled back to the Point again with a feeling of great disappointment, to say the least.

Sunday we had service twice in the church. About thirty people were present and we had a good time.

Monday at 5.30 p.m. as I was in the attitude of quiet meditation, another hard rap came at my study door.

"Yes."

"There is a steamer comin' up the bay, Mr. Young."

"Is that so?" I replied, for the news seemed too good to be true.

"Surely it must be the mail-steamer this time." I had strained my eyes trying to see a steamer down the bay a few moments before, but could see nothing upon the water.

An hour later I anxiously watched the clerk assort the mail at Rigolet. This was the first mail, but one, that I had received since the mail-boat made her last trip the previous fall. The last day of April, when at Paradise, I received a mail which came overland via Quebec, but the news was old, the mail being posted on the 11th of January.

GIVING TOBACCO TO THE ESKIMOS ON ONE OF THE COAST STEAMERS

There was something about Labrador life that lured me and that I liked in spite of its isolation and hardships. But the conditions under which the missionary lives and works there make it hard upon his health. I had lost twenty pounds in weight and some physical endurance; scurvy had made its appearance in my gums and tongue, creating a soreness which remained for a year after I left the coast. The cause, no doubt, was the lack of meat and vegetables. One would not mind the twenty and thirty miles' walk a day through the heavy snow if there awaited him a good, solid meal at the end of the journey. But this everlasting diet of bread and tea with the hard work would weaken the strongest constitution. Fortunately I never had to rest a day, so the work did not suffer.

The 12th of July, the mail-steamer again steamed into Rigolet. By this time everything had taken on a summerlike appearance as far as this is possible in Labrador. All the snow had disappeared but there was still much of the rough, Arctic ice about which was ever drifting down from the Arctic Ocean. The cod-fish had swum to the shore; thousands of Newfoundland fishermen were scattered all along the coast, and there were fairly good signs of salmon in the bays.

After spending another Sunday at the Point I began to make preparations for my summer tour around the mission. I had no doubt that our new mission boat at

Snack Cove was completed, as I had seen the builder in the winter and he had given me his guarantee that she would be ready for me when I came for her in the summer. I had arranged with Thomas Groves to go with me in the mission boat for the summer, and on the following Saturday we took passage in a trader which was going direct to Snack Cove.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INITIAL TRIP OF THE *ARMINIAN*.

The wind was directly against us and we had to beat, or tack, the whole distance out of the bay, the mouth of which we reached by dawn. It was then calm and up till 2 p.m. there was not a breath of wind upon the waters of the Atlantic. The rough ice from the Arctic regions was very thick for that time of the year, and the blue waters were dotted everywhere with white sheets of ice, which glistened in the sun. Everything was quiet, scarcely a ripple upon the surface of the water, when, suddenly there came a rushing, mighty wind from the north, changing everything. The great sails, went out with a jerk and every man with one exception was immediately on deck.

"Haul down the sails," shouted the captain. " 'ard ups and 'ard downs," came from the man on the look-out as our vessel just escaped one sheet of ice after another. The vessel was soon going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and if she struck one of those icebergs, a watery grave for us all was almost inevitable.

The main topsail in some way got tangled up in the rigging and this prevented the men from lowering any

other sail. We had two lumbermen from the mill on board; one of them when the gale struck us rushed to the cabin and sat there, with his elbows upon his knees and his hands to his face, trembling with excitement. The other man, a Mr. Soy, was very active, catching hold of the halyards, sheets, etc., and doing his best in the emergency. When it was over, he said to me: "There was so much fun about it, anyway." The sails being lowered she went along comfortably under small canvas and at 5 o'clock we dropped anchor in Snack Cove.

I went ashore, gathered a congregation, and held a service. Several of my audience were Newfoundlanders and it did one's soul good to listen to them as they poured out their souls to God in the fisher-folks' characteristic manner.

As I came ashore I noticed that our mission boat was still on the dock in an unfinished condition. I said nothing about it till Monday morning. I learned then that the builder owing to sickness during the winter was unable to complete the boat. He was now in the midst of the salmon fishery and at first refused my urgent request that he complete the work, but afterwards consented to do so "between whiles." With what help Thomas gave him and with the assistance so kindly given by the Newfoundland fishermen, who were fishing there, she was soon completed and in less time than a fortnight was launched.

I named her the *Arminian*, conveying the idea of free grace, a doctrine propagated by the saintly and scholarly theologian, James Arminius, after whom, by the way, I have the honor to be named.

She was a comfortable, little deck boat with a nice little cabin but of course was too small for efficient service on the stormy coast. She was, however, a great improvement on the old mission boat.

We started off with a fairly good westerly breeze and while the wind lasted covered about six miles an hour. In the evening the wind moderated and we towed the *Arminian* into a comfortable harbour, where we spent the night in the cabin of our little boat of which I was very proud. The next day at noon we reached the Point.

The *S.S. Virginia Lake* had called again at Rigolet during my absence, this time bringing my examination papers. I did not feel equal to the task, however, I went to Rigolet and wrote them. That being done we started on our trip to the lumber-mill.

Owing to the light breeze the first day we covered only fifteen miles. At dark we were becalmed and dropped anchor by the straight shore, and lay down for a nap. At midnight I heard the rippling of water by the side of our little boat. I was soon on deck and to my delight a light breeze from the east was blowing.

"Come, Thomas, it is blowing a fair wind and we had better take advantage of it; for it is as likely as not to change by daylight and blow a gale from the west."

"All right, sir," said Thomas, and in a few minutes the *Arminian* was on her way to the head of the bay, and very gracefully she went along under a moderate breeze. At dusk the following evening we arrived at North-West River.

There is only a very narrow and crooked channel leading into Kenemesh; the sand-banks almost cover the bed of the harbour. Thomas would not undertake to pilot our boat into the harbour as he had never been there. I did so and brought her to the wharf by the mill without mishap. I should not have been surprised if she had grounded for I went in largely by guess.

Leaving the *Arminian* at Kenemesh I went in another boat to Mud Lake where I intended to spend the fall and part of the winter. We were also having a school teacher from Newfoundland for the settlement and I tried to arrange lodgings for us both. I got a boarding house for Hudson, the teacher, but could not get a place for myself. Indeed, for some reason, the people seemed very reluctant to have the missionary remain, nevertheless I determined to stay. I returned to Kenemesh and waited for a good time to go to Lester's Point.

We did not have long to wait. The next morning it was blowing a strong breeze from the south-west and at 6 o'clock we sailed out of the little harbour of Kenemesh. As the sun rose the wind increased and by 10 o'clock it had risen to a gale, and the mainsail had to be

completely lowered. Under the foresail and jib the *Arminian* rode the gale fairly well, until about 2 o'clock when the foresail had to be lowered.

"She is a good sea boat," Thomas remarked, and so she proved to be for her size or we should have had a hard time that day. For two hours she went along under her jib. We thought of reaching St. John's harbour but failed to do so as it lay too far to the windward. After we passed St. John's Island the water was smoother and, hoisting more sail, we went along better and dropped our anchor in Snook's Cove, just at dusk. This is the place where George Ellidge, the lone missionary, spent a winter seventy-eight years before.

As I looked back over that day I was thankful to God for our safe return from the mill. I also felt proud of our little boat, the *Arminian*.

The following day we ran to Lester's Point.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOSE OF NAVIGATION

Already the nights were getting cooler which made us realize that our short summer was fast drawing to a close. I had my trip to Indian Harbour yet to make and without delay we proceeded north. We visited several places along the coast, arriving at Indian Harbour for Sunday, where I preached in the Deep Sea Mission Chapel to a large congregation of Newfoundland fishermen.

Every day large fleets of fishing-vessels of various sizes, with all sails spread, could be seen going south. The birds too, being warned of the near approach of winter, could be seen flying in the same direction; even the fish were leaving the shore and swimming to deeper and warmer water. All this told me only too plainly that I should soon be left again upon the cold and isolated coast with, but few exceptions, the natives, half-breeds and Eskimos as my only companions.

On our return trip to Lester's Point we met a heavy breeze blowing out of the bay, and before we reached home the seas had well washed the deck of the *Arminian*. In a few days, John Hudson, our teacher for Mud

Lake, arrived. Thomas took the *Arminian* to Double Mer and hauled her up for the winter. Hudson and I went to Molioch where, in a few days, we hoped to get a passage in John Blake's boat to Kenemesh. This was my final farewell to Lester's Point.

At Molioch we stayed with Fred. Blake. Mr. and Mrs. Blake had two lovely little girls, who were exceptionally kind and affectionate; their affections extended even to the numerous mice which infested their dwelling. One mouse was so tame that it would eat out of their hands. I was deeply interested and tried to use my powers of attraction upon the pet mouse, and to my surprise it came and comfortably ate a piece of bread from my hand.

After another Sunday had passed we left for the mill in John Blake's boat, which was a little larger than the *Arminian*. Ten of us huddled together in her little cabin, and, of course, there was no such thing as sleeping aboard her. Fred. Blake and his family were on board, and Mrs. Blake and the children had a trying experience, for the water was very rough. This, however, is a common experience for the women of Hamilton Inlet. Every summer they come down the fiord with their husbands, often meeting a bad time and in a far worse boat than John Blake's. This was the first time since coming to Labrador that the missionary felt the effects of the sea. Hudson, too, was feeling very un-

comfortable. We were out all night and that boat rolled and tossed about until dawn, when the wind veered from the north and we "just lay along with all sails drawn."

Signs of the approaching winter could be seen everywhere and especially on the Mealy Mountains, which were already covered with a mantle of white. Other boats could be seen sailing up the bay, and all were in a hurry to get settled in their snug winter quarters at the head of the fiord before winter set in. We arrived at Kenemesh that evening just before sunset.

The next evening I preached to a comparatively large congregation of Nova Scotians, who had been working at the mill during the summer. Most of them were now returning home as the mill was closing down for the winter.

The following day we went to Mud Lake; glad indeed I was that all my boating was ended for that year. Now new difficulties appeared, for there is no end to difficulties in Labrador. Mark Best, a native, offered to board the school teacher, but no place whatever could be found for the missionary. I tried to make some arrangement with the lumber company, but they did not have room enough for their own men and the natives made all sorts of excuses. Apparently they were not anxious for me to stay there with them, the reason for which will be dealt with in another chapter. It was impossible for me

to return to Paradise at that season of the year and that was the only other place where I could spend the fall, unless I hid myself away with one family somewhere in the bay. I remained with Mrs. Best, though she never really gave her consent, but she could not turn me out of doors. The thing was humiliating to me.

The Company's physician, Dr. D. T. C. Watson, was a splendid type of Christian man and in him I found a congenial friend and companion. This meant more than I can express to a lone missionary amidst the isolations of Labrador. In my absence he held services for the people on Sunday and his work was a great blessing to both lumbermen and natives.

On the 5th of October, five days after we arrived at Mud Lake, Hudson opened school in a little house given us by the Company for that purpose. As far as I know this was the first school ever taught in the place, yet the natives could all read and write.

A feeling of loneliness came over me when I realized that I was again cut off from all connections with the outer world for eight long months. No news could be obtained and fifteen hundred miles of rugged coast lay between us and the place of connection with the outer world, over which one would have to travel by komatik and foot in order to escape the desolation of a Labrador winter. With such a prospect before us we settled down to do the best we could under existing conditions.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE GRIP OF WINTER'S ICY HAND.

Navigation was now closed. The bays were freezing up and the stern and rugged headlands, clothed in their icy garments, stood like sentinels guarding the coast, forbidding the approach even of the most trustworthy steamer. All who were leaving had gone. No one now could come to us and we could not go to them. The face of nature was covered with ice and snow, the trees were laden with their heavy burden of white, the hills looked down upon us in cold and silent determination, in fact, everything was held in the grip of winter's icy hand.

Labrador winter life is a real struggle with the elements, and one has to be well clad to overcome them. I again resorted when travelling to my warmest clothing, including my adikey and sealskin pants. One living in the far north can scarcely fail to be impressed with the apparent mercilessness and sternness of nature. Everything seems hard and rough, but there is on the other hand something grand and majestic about winter in the northern regions. Everything has the appearance of strength and firmness. Though nature lacks

softness and beauty it is characterized almost entirely by ruggedness and strength. The character of the people does not, in any marked way, reflect the roughness and sternness of nature by which they are surrounded.

The sky in fine weather is generally cloudless and has a cold, crisp appearance. It is often made luminous by the frequent occurrence of the auroras. These auroras generally proceed from a cloud or haze in the northern sky and stretch away towards the east and west. They cause one to stop and wonder as they rush about over the sky in all directions from the horizon to the zenith.

I preached in a large cook-house belonging to the Company. The need of a church at this centre was keenly felt, but it was impossible to build just then. My successor, Ezra Broughton, who went to Labrador after completing his theological course at Mount Allison University, succeeded in erecting at Mud Lake a splendid little church, which stands as a monument to his energy and ability.

Twice I visited the lumber-camps, accompanied by Dr. Watson. It was a real pleasure indeed to walk with him the twelve or fourteen miles to the camp. Occasionally he preached for me, especially when visiting the camps.

Dr. Watson had never learned how to skate and during the fortnight of smooth ice on the bay it was my

(a) Hudson's Bay Co.'s Agents and their Guides.
(b) A Labrador Half-breed and his Home.
(c) Rev. E. Broughton, Missionary to Labrador (1905-06).

privilege to teach him the art. It was amusing to watch him. At first I held his arm as he tried to make a few strokes, but thinking he could manage alone he started off with a beginner's self-confidence and the next minute his head met the ice with a terrible force.

"What did you see, Doctor," I asked.

"I saw twenty moons," he replied.

Several times he tried to break the ice with the crown of his head, but he disregarded my advice and persisted in skating without my assistance. In a very short time he became a comparatively good skater. We both enjoyed immensely a few hours' skating every night under the moon-lit and starry heavens, and it was with a feeling of genuine regret that we watched the scene of our happy recreation spoiled by a fall of snow.

One Saturday Hudson went with me to Goose Bay to visit a lumber-camp and the two native families there. It was a nine-mile walk. On our way up we met a gang of Mountaineer Indians coming from the wild to Mud Lake where they hoped to do some trading with the Company. The men were hauling the canoes and the women brought other necessities on the toboggans. Children too young to walk were lashed on a toboggan, drawn by the mother. The women were very shy and kept as far away from us as possible.

Everything was now held in winter's strong embrace. The frost was keen as we faced the bay against the wind

and Hudson was getting his first real taste of a Labrador winter, and his nose was troubling him some. A long, protruding nose gives one much trouble when stemming a gale of wind with the temperature thirty below zero, and it is very convenient for the Eskimos that their olfactory appendages are so flat.

We had two fine services on Sunday, one in the lumber-camp and one at the home of a native. We started early Monday morning for Mud Lake, and after walking six miles had a three-mile portage to cross. There were two trails across this portage and by mistake I took the wrong one that took us out in Grand River a mile above Mud Lake. After walking some distance I began to feel that we were not in the right trail.

"This is not the way we came," said Hudson.

"I don't think it is, for nothing seems familiar to me here," I replied. The expression on Hudson's face told me plainly that he had lost faith in me as a guide.

"How did you come to take the wrong path?"

"We will be all right, this trail will take us out in Grand River anyway." We walked and walked, and it seemed as if we would never reach the river. At last we came upon the river, but there was no sign of the village.

"Where are we now?"

"We must be on Grand River," I said, but Hudson would not be convinced that we were on the right trail until we got close to the village.

Early in December I visited North-West River and gave them another Sunday. Mr. McKenzie had left this station the previous summer and Mr. Stuart was now in charge of the post. He had up to that time spent twelve years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service in Labrador and the previous winter had been on furlough in the old country and on the continent. He was now back to bleak Labrador again, and the Company had no more loyal servant in their employ than Mr. Stuart.

Shortly after returning to Mud Lake I began to make preparations for my long and last trip around the mission. But before we leave Mud Lake behind I shall give an account of the struggle we had there with intemperance. This is the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRAPPLING WITH INTEMPERANCE.

Many of the men who were engaged in the lumber concern at Mud Lake were addicted to strong drink before coming to Labrador. It appears their usual custom was to work a few months in the woods, then return to their homes in the village and spend the greater part of their earnings in the saloon, while their wives and families were left with but a meagre share.

It was partly through the influence of the wives that some of those men went to Labrador. The half heart-broken wives and mothers hoped that in Labrador, where license to sell liquor was not allowed, their husbands and sons would be free from the temptation and soon would be cured of the habit. With this hope in their hearts they were prepared to make the sacrifice of leaving their homes in Canada and settling with their husbands in the cold and isolated interior of Labrador.

Intoxicating liquor destroys the finer feelings of the soul, saps the affections of the heart and turns a man almost into a beast. These men forgot the sacrifice their wives had made, they ignored their tender

feelings and were carried away by the insatiable thirst for liquor. While license could not be obtained in Labrador the burning thirst of those men for intoxicants resulted in their getting a substitute brewed on the spot, which produced a worse effect upon the mind and body than the genuine liquor.

The concoction, as far as I could learn, was a mixture of Jamaica ginger, barley, raisins, tobacco and sugar. The recipe was given to two of the native women, who agreed to manufacture the mixture and at once engaged in the unlawful and demoralizing business.

Several gallons were brewed and sold for $1.50 per gallon. As a result drunkenness became prevalent in Mud Lake, and without policemen or any restraint of the law, it was almost a risk for one to travel along the lonely path unarmed.

A conversation with the foreman's wife disclosed to me the sadness of the situation caused by the selling of intoxicants there. She had hoped that when her husband came to Labrador he was escaping from the saloon, with all its evils. Two or three of the native homes were practically turned into "shebeens" and the native women had forgotten or ignored the suffering they were bringing upon their sisters from abroad, by engaging in this pernicious trade. When the Canadian women realized with bitter disappointment that the saloon was still in their midst their happiness was gone and their hopes dashed to the ground.

Two of the native women, encouraged by their husbands and sons, were at this time busily engaged brewing a large supply of this concoction for seventy lumbermen, when they returned from the woods in the Christmas holidays. I became indignant and resolved to do my best to wipe this evil from the place.

Accordingly Dr. Watson and I went to the homes of those concerned and strongly repudiated their actions. When asked why they were brewing the intoxicating liquor, they replied: "Because we were asked to do so by the lumbermen." We showed them the evil result and the unlawfulness of their actions. I warned them that if they did not discontinue that demoralizing business I would put the matter into court when I went to St. John's in the following summer, which I did on my arrival in the city in June. I could understand now why they did not want me stationed in their midst, and yet these very people were formerly always so glad to see the missionary and to retain him as long as possible. It was painful to see them change so under the influence of the white men.

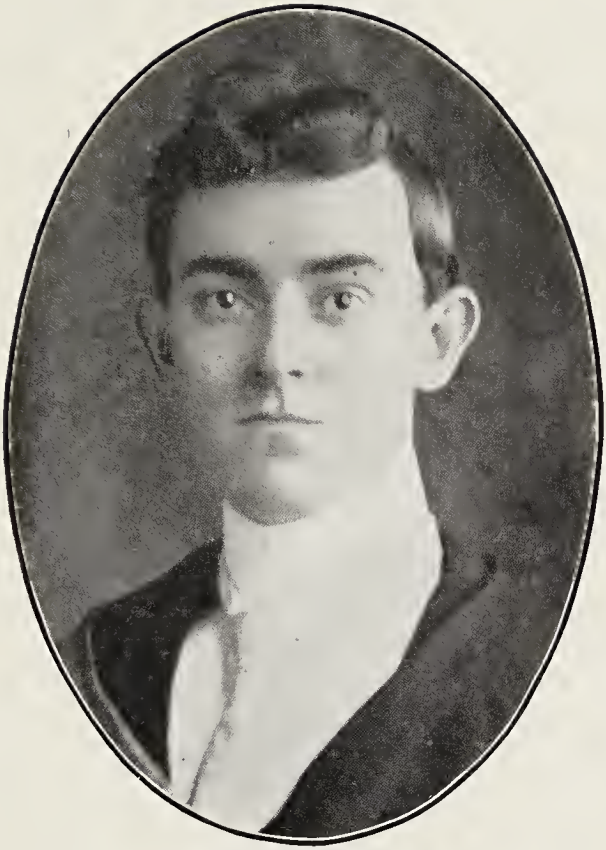
As we were trying to stop the sale of the intoxicants we also felt it our duty to provide some sort of entertainment for the men when they came from the woods. Hudson and the doctor began training the school children and the young ladies of the place for an entertainment, consisting of singing, recitations and dia-

logues, to be held on Monday evening, December 27th. This we thought would instruct, interest and amuse the people. For a fortnight they worked hard training the young people for this social gathering. The work was new and consequently rather difficult for the native children. But by perseverance and patience on the part of Hudson and the doctor, especially the former, the programme was completed by Saturday, and everything was in readiness for the entertainment, which was to take place in the Company's cook-house, the only available place.

Meanwhile most of the lumbermen returned from the camps to Mud Lake on Saturday afternoon. Some of them were almost like fiends and immediately made their way to the houses where the mixture was ready for them. To drink that concoction they must have had little regard for their money or their stomachs. Some of them were soon drunk and remained so all day Sunday.

Sunday evening a large number of natives and lumbermen gathered at the cook-house for divine service. Some of the congregation were still under the influence of liquor. I had prepared a temperance sermon for the occasion for I felt this to be my duty.

After showing, as far as I could, the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system, the intellect and the affections, I exposed the guilt of this business in the



D. T. C. WATSON, M.D.
Of the Nova Scotia Lumber Camp, who Helped to Fight Intemperance on the Labrador.

strongest language at my command; first, of those who drink; secondly, of those who give it to others; thirdly, of those who sell it to others, especially of those who sell it without license; fourthly and lastly, of those who are indifferent and will not use their influence to remove the curse from their midst.

Some of the congregation appreciated the plain words of the preacher, while as I expected, the anger of others was aroused. One of the half-drunken men arose during the sermon and staggered towards the door and I thought he meant to take hold of me and see what he could do with me. He quietly went out, however, and left me alone. After the sermon I announced the entertainment for the following evening.

I was very sorry to be compelled to preach such a sermon, especially as it was my farewell address to the people of Mud Lake. I was then in my second year's probation, and looking back over it now after twelve years I do not think I should have been more lenient to the demoralizing and unlawful trade, but perhaps I might have been more discreet.

The following morning four drunken men went to one of the native homes, purchased a jar of intoxicants and immediately proceeded to the home of Mrs. Best and asked for her permission to open and drink it there.

"I can't allow you to drink it yer," said Mrs. Best. "You know he's upstairs."

"Oh," they replied, "we don't mind, he said we were nothing last night so we are nothing."

Mark Best was sitting in the corner of the house apparently afraid to speak. Hudson was out and I was upstairs alone. I thought perhaps they might take things in their own hands and come upstairs to attack me. I did not suppose I could handle four men, nevertheless, I had a mind to go downstairs and take whatever might come. They made no attempt, however, to do any injury downstairs or to come up to me, so I thought it wise to keep clear of them while they were in their drunken and frantic condition.

After grumbling for a few minutes in their rough, drunken manner about me and the sermon, they sang: "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," and left the house.

At 7.30 p.m. sharp, Hudson, the doctor and I arrived at the cook-house, where we expected to find a large congregation assembled to enjoy the feast we had in store for them. But to our surprise and chagrin we found that a dance had been in progress there for some time and the young women whom Hudson and the doctor had spent so much time in training for the entertainment were linked arm in arm with the half-drunken men, racing over the building in a crude dance. Evidently these fellows were determined to get equal with me.

It was discouraging, to say the least of it, and it looked as if we were defeated. But God's work does not hang on the apparent success of a moment or a day or a year. This little persecution did not permanently affect the cause of Christ there. Right will always triumph in the end. To-day the Methodists have a strong cause at Mud Lake, and one of the men who allowed the intoxicants to be manufactured in his home has become a leading Christian in the place, while the other man is a strong sympathizer of our work, and is one of the best helpers, financially. I have not heard of any trouble akin to those related in this chapter arising there since.

Nevertheless, I felt that my work there was done, as my duty called me elsewhere, and on January the 6th, I started on my last trip around the extensive mission.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM MUD LAKE TO TICKERALUK.

I shall, as far as possible, in this and the following chapter, take the reader into each home visited along the coast. With most of these homes he is already familiar, but no doubt he would like to know a little more about them and with the writer, for the present at least, to wish them good-bye.

Sunday 8th January was spent at North-West River. I preached to a small congregation of half-breeds in the Company's house. I had preached quite frequently in this little settlement, and now, as I was looking into the faces of my swarthy congregation for the last time, I wondered how much they had benefitted by my preaching and ministrations. Had I performed my duty faithfully? Above all, had I done my best to point them to Christ? These are heart-searching questions to a preacher when he is leaving a people for the last time. I should not like to attempt an answer to those questions. God alone is the Judge and Rewarder of our feeble efforts. Monday morning I bade them farewell and proceeded to the home of Fred Rich. Fred was to take me to Tickeraluk.

Perhaps the reader has been wondering how Willie Ikie and Christiana were getting along in their married life. I met them both at Fred Rich's, where they were staying. It was nearly twelve months now since they were united in wedlock, and their childish but affectionate attentions to each other had not waned. Christiana took her place by Willie's side, employing herself caressing his hair, while Willie did not forget to give her repeated glances of smiling consent. It was evident that Willie thought there was no one in the world like Christiana and Christiana thought the same of Willie. With this common confidence in each other, notwithstanding the many deficiencies apparent to others, they were happy.

The following night was spent at Moore's Cove with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baikie and family. Skipper Thomas was an old Scotchman about seventy years of age, who came to Labrador as a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company nearly fifty years before, when Lord Strathcona, then Donald Smith, had charge of the posts in Hamilton Inlet. After spending nine years in the Company's service he married a native, settled down in Labrador and lived the life of a trapper. His hunting-ground was in the interior from the head of Grand Lake. There in that desolate country near the place where the late Leonidas Hubbard lost his life, he spent many a long winter, generally alone. That kind of life entails

many hardships and is fraught with many dangers. The old man could tell many stories of hardships, hair-breadth escapes, etc. Among others he related to me the following:

"One winter," he said, "while furring alone twenty miles in from the head of Grand Lake, as I was cutting down a tree for fire-wood for my camp, it got caught up in another tree and to get it down I had to cut down the tree in which it was caught. I was in a hurry for it was late in the evening, and not noticing the tree, it fell before I knew it right on my back and knocked me down. For a while I couldn't get up. After a hard struggle I crawled to the tilt, got in the bunk and there I lay for nine days without ever being able to get up, and all I had to eat was a little hard tack. I was there in the tilt twenty-one days and could not walk home. The family was expecting me out before, so after the time was long past they came to look for me and got me out."

Perhaps the story was exaggerated but there can be no doubt that the old man had some very trying experiences and narrow escapes, during his many winters hunting in the wilds of Labrador. As a result of the hardships endured during these long years of toil in the forest, the old man was a great sufferer from cramps and rheumatic pains. After having service I retired to my sleeping-bag only to be awakened at 12 o'clock

by the rattling of the stove. Opening my eyes, I saw the form of a man trying to get a fire in the large double stove.

"What is the matter?" I said, "it is not daylight, is it?"

"No, but those cramps in my hand will not let me sleep," he replied, at the same time showing me his hands. Their drawn condition told me only too well the agony the old gentleman was enduring. The heat soon eased his pain and he again retired.

At 3 o'clock I saw the old, weather-beaten form again at the stove. This time his wife began to find fault because he was making it too warm for them upstairs.

"If they had the cramps like me," he said, "they would like it warm too." His hard life was now telling on him, and no doubt he spent many nights similar to the one I have described. What had he received for all his hard toil? He had killed a large number of fur-bearing animals in his time, and bartered the furs at the Hudson's Bay Company's store helping to fill their treasury, while Baikie himself was left with little to remind him of his hard toil excepting his cramps and rheumatic pains.

The women in the morning ere we parted gave me some curios worked by their own hands in kind recognition of the help they had received from the humble efforts of the missionary.

A few hours brought us to Mrs. Daniel Campbell's at Muligan. The old lady appeared very sad and was inclined to talk only of her own troubles.

"Ah," she said, "I shall never see you again."

"No, I do not suppose you will."

"I know I shall not live much longer and oh, I wish I could have a minister visit me on my death-bed."

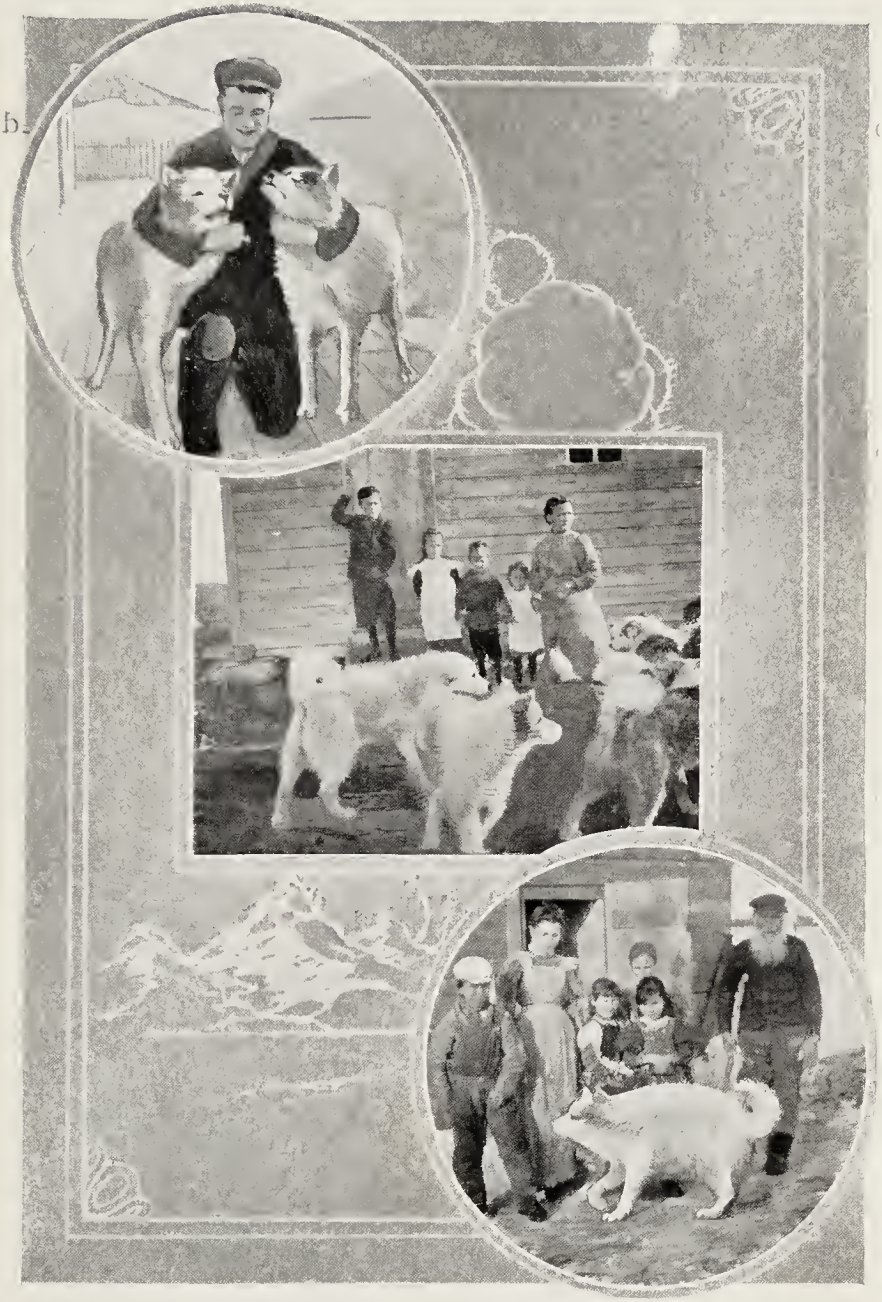
I talked with her all the afternoon. I knew it was my last chat with the old lady who had been so kind and motherly to me on that bleak shore. What could I say to comfort this aged soul, looking into the face of death as she was? How awkward and almost helpless one often feels on such occasions!

As I was leaving the next morning she accompanied me a few yards from the door, her feeble step telling plainly that her end was near. She held me by the hand for a considerable length of time, being reluctant to let me go. She would not see another missionary till July and she might die before then. "I might be lying over there," she said, pointing to the place where her husband lay, with whom she had lived happily for fifty-four years. Her prophecy proved true for ere the month of April passed her body was laid in the "cold and silent grave" and her spirit had gone to God.

A drive of four miles brought us to Pearl River where, as the reader will remember, live two Chaulk families. Mrs. Andrew, a young married woman, was very ill

and in my judgment was a victim of tuberculosis. Medical aid was out of the question. I promised to send her a little nourishment from Rigolet, which I knew she needed badly. I do not suppose she ever recovered. I talked and prayed with her and she was cheered and consoled. It was indeed a real pleasure to me to be able to comfort this poor invalid in the dark wilds of Labrador. Her face lit up with a spiritual light and her trust was firm in God.

We had a long drive of forty miles before us the next day. Robert Baikie had left the Lowland and the nearest house was Will Shephard's at Valley's Bight. The first ice that made in the fall had broken up in a terrific gale of wind, which drove the great sheets over each other thus making it very rough for komatik work. There was little snow on the ice, and the whole bay was full of hummocks, some of them standing five and six feet high making the steering of the komatik between them a difficult task. The dogs were going at full speed and it was useless to call out "steady" as the going was good excepting for the hummocks. Once the komatik capsized, but there were no broken legs. The jerking and jumping of the komatik over the hummocks made the dogs go all the faster. To make matters worse the dogs scented a seal on the ice in the distance, and becoming entirely unmanageable were off at once at full gallop. They took complete charge of the



SOME OF MY LABRADOR FRIENDS AND THEIR DOGS.

komatik and it was a miracle that we escaped without broken legs or cracked heads.

"What's the matter with the dogs, Fred, can't you stop them?"

"They smells a swile, sir."

"They must have great smellers," I replied, "for I cannot smell or see a seal anywhere."

It was the roughest ride and the greatest shaking I had ever experienced and it was a good thing our hearts were sound. After the wild gallop of a couple of miles I made out a black speck on the ice ahead of us, and in a minute or two more the six wolf-dogs had their long teeth stuck into a large bedlamer seal.

This seal was called by the natives a "traveller," and it had travelled for sixty miles or more over the ice, twenty or thirty miles farther would have taken it to open water in the "narrows." These seals travel very slowly and must live entirely on ice and snow. It had probably taken over a month to travel that distance and it seemed a pity to kill it now it was so near its goal. A crack or two from Fred's whip ended its life and we lashed it on the komatik and took it to the home of Will Shephard, an industrious and well-to-do trapper. The host was away from home attending his fur-traps so we spent the night with Mrs. Shephard and her two children.

Saturday found us with Widow Chaulk at Trout Cove. Her husband had died the previous year and she was

living with Sandy, her step-son, who too had been married, but whose wife had died some years before. This family was in such poverty that Mrs. Chaulk told me that she had not tasted even a bit of butter since the previous spring.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Young," she said, "I often feels like sitting down to a nice cup of tea, but when I remember we have no butter or sugar my stomach won't take it and I goes without it."

It could be seen she was literally dying of starvation.

Sandy at the time of my visit, notwithstanding his extreme poverty, was at Back Bay paying a visit to his young lady, whom he intended to marry when I made my yearly call. Unfortunately or fortunately he did not know I would be along so soon. He sent for me after I arrived at Tickeraluk, but I could not return and he had to postpone his wedding till the following July, when my successor arrived on the coast.

When leaving on Monday morning I gave Mrs. Chaulk the little butter I had for my journey, knowing that I could get more that day at Rigolet. But whether I did or not she must have the butter for she needed it worse than I did.

On our way to Rigolet we called at Carawalla, the home of several Eskimo families. After having prayer in one of the homes and baptizing a baby we proceeded to Rigolet, arriving at 4 p.m.

Mr. Fraser, the agent, was away at Cartwright, but I received a hearty welcome from the two clerks, Parsons and Carson. We had a nice little service there that night. Mr. Carson had been a member of a choir in Montreal for several years, and his splendid singing gave a brightness to the service.

The next morning I bought some nourishment for Mrs. Andrew Chaulk, which Fred was to take to her, and proceeded to Tickeraluk.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE MIDST OF POVERTY.

I arranged with Jerry Flowers to take me as far as Ratler's Bight and back. The people all along this section were, and I suppose are now, in poverty. The going was excellent and after a rapid ride of fifteen miles the dogs made a sudden stop before the open door of Arthur Rich's hut.

Arthur was then an old man; he had been married three times and his little cabin was now nearly full of small and helpless children, the children of his third and young wife. They were all too young to work, and only for Edwin Oliver, an adopted son, it was difficult to see how the family could escape utter starvation. Edwin was a loyal and faithful boy and stood by his foster father.

A few miles farther brought us to Bluff Head, where we were welcomed by the two Oliver families, Job and John. Both had large families and both were in extreme poverty. Mrs. Job was very ill, the house was cold, warm clothing was scarce, the children were almost naked, and altogether the prospect was dark, gloomy and dismal.

Bluff Head is a cold and rugged headland, washed by the ever-rolling seas of the Atlantic. Passing around the head you run into a little cove where the two families live in little log-cabins. The unsheltered place is continually swept by more or less blinding snowstorms. As I looked into the haggard faces of that poor, sick woman and the half-clad and more than half-starving children, I thought what a miserable existence these people have to endure. What is more heartrending than the wail of half-starving children, crying for bread and no bread to give them! The men, hoping to enrich their scanty larder, spent most of their time around the headlands in search of gulls that perchance might fly that way. Their search was too often fruitless.

After praying with the families and giving what words of comfort, consolation and advice we could, we left in the beginning of a snowstorm for Charles Allen's, Ratler's Bight, where we arrived an hour later, before the storm had reached its height.

Charles Allen was better off than any other man on my mission, north of Tickeraluk. His fish-trap brought him in a fairly good harvest every year, and this saved him from that poverty-stricken condition—the common lot of his neighbours.

Joseph Lloyd, Charles' brother-in-law, who had lost his wife a few months previously, was living with him. This gave me the privilege of conversing with the only

two remaining Englishmen in Hamilton Inlet, a privilege which I appreciated very much as the conversation took my mind away from the ice-bound coast and rugged headlands of Labrador.

The storm lasted nearly three days, during which time one dare not trust himself fifty yards from the house. On the second day some members of the family were suddenly taken ill with headache and vomiting, followed by a slight delirium tremens.

The next day nearly all the remaining members of the family were taken down, among whom was Charles himself. Charles was rather nervous and his groans, made worse by the raging storm without, cast a gloom over the whole house. Once he sprang suddenly to his feet, holding his head tightly with his hands and walking the floor like a man half-crazed, exclaimed: "I have a machine up in my head and I am sure it is going to break down."

On our return trip to Tickeraluk we were to visit those families who had settled inland about a couple of miles, as we had visited those by the sea-shore on our outward trip. The storm abated a little in the afternoon, so I decided to make a start for Tom Oliver's, whose home was four miles distant.

The storm, which had slackened a great deal, was still almost blinding, and as we shot out from the trees on the bight I could not see how Jerry was going to find the

hut; he thought, however, he could do it, so I consented to let him try; in a few minutes the eager dogs were at Oliver's door.

I find in my diary the following entry concerning Tom Oliver and his condition at this time:

"Tom Oliver is in a poor condition. He has only a half-barrel of flour and a little tea, no butter, no molasses and no prospect of getting even a little flour when that is done, unless someone should take pity on him. Few, however, are in a position to help, as most of the people find it as much as they can do to provide for themselves and families.

"Mr. Oliver was denied everything at Rigolet on the ground that he did not take the work offered him. He said he was not able to do the work required, which was to build a flat-bottomed boat. He is ill and not able to work hard, and who can do so on dry bread and raw tea? Let those who mourn with plenty learn a lesson here. May the Lord send them some help is my prayer. Mrs. Oliver is a native of Newfoundland and is to be pitied as no doubt she has seen better days."

The condition of this family was certainly a sad one. Were they placed in a settled community and surrounded by friends their case would not call for more sympathy than thousands of others. But placed as they were on the isolated and inhospitable coast of Labrador, with their next door neighbours miles away, most of them

too poor to lend assistance and with no relief from the agent at Rigolet (the only store within a hundred miles), surely their sad condition would touch the heart of any humane person.

Having no food with me on this trip I had to share the fate of these poor people. When one considered that this was only January and that they had a long winter yet before them, it seemed to me that life for them was a misfortune and to be relieved from it would be a great blessing. It was a desperate struggle for existence. Practically all the comforts derived from material things, medical aid and social surroundings were denied them.

As I write, Oliver's little log-hut nestled among the trees in Labrador looms up before me and I see again the father and mother almost too weak to stand, with their two children, sitting around their rustic table trying to satisfy their appetites on a bit of dry bread.

It was a most beautiful night and no trace of the storm could be seen, the sky was clear, the moon was shining brightly in the heavens and all the snow that had fallen the last few days had disappeared among the trees.

Widow Newell's hut was just a mile across the pond, so taking one of Tom's children I decided to visit her that night. It was 8 o'clock when I knocked at her door. She was half-afraid to answer the knock as

visitors were so unusual. As she opened the door the moon shone upon her dirty face.

"Is dat you, Mr. Young, wer ded you come from dis hour of the night? Come in."

What a hovel they were living in! The hut was almost as dark as a dungeon; there were only two panes of glass to let in the moonlight. The hut was cold, dirty and smoky. The smoke from the cod-oil lamp had tanned everything even, Selina's face, and soap, like every other commodity, was very scarce. The roof of the hut was covered with boughs, rinds and sods; the cold, piercing wind came in through all parts of the building and what it means to live and sleep in such a hut situated in the cold north can only be imagined.

A "stage lamp" in which were a few spoonfuls of cod-oil was the only light they had. The wick was too short to reach the oil, and Selina sat by the table shaking the lamp and hooking up the wick so that her son Steve and John White might see to finish their scanty meal. I could just make out the two black objects sitting at the table. Steve said to me:

"Well ya come and 'ave some supper, Mr. Young?" I was glad to be able to answer him in the negative. The people of Labrador in spite of their poverty are extremely hospitable.

Steve was at Rigolet a few days before my visit and got a half-barrel of flour and a few other absolutely

necessary things, on the promise that he would chop twenty-five oars for the Company. Mrs. Newell's husband had passed away four years before and Steve, a young man of twenty, was the only support of a family of six. But in spite of the dirt, smoke, cold and poverty she seemed to be comparatively happy. Happiness is surely not entirely dependent on wealth and prosperity.

As Selina trimmed the lamp I read and prayed with the family, after which I went out under the starry heavens never to see any of them again till we meet where there shall be no more poverty or pain and where every person shall get his due reward.

John White is too interesting a character to dismiss with only a passing notice. John was now forty years of age and had never married. He lived for six months in the year, alone, in an old shanty at a place called, Double Brook, about six miles from Tickeraluk. During the summer he caught salmon and trout which enabled him to purchase food enough to stand till December.

When his little supply of food was gone he began his winter travels from Double Brook to Horse Harbour. He travelled very slowly, remaining at each hut as long as his conscience would allow him or until he saw that he was not wanted (but John was very slow to see that), then he would proceed to the next hut. In this way the trip was lengthened out sometimes to two

months, which meant for John two months of free diet. He did not mind if a storm kept him at a hut a week or two over his allotted time as long as he could beg plenty of tobacco from his host. He was considered a little daft by the people on the coast, but was always cute enough to keep a plug of tobacco in the corner of his pocket while he put a small bit in his mouth, hoping to touch a sympathetic chord in his neighbour's heart and so add another plug to his stock.

With him generally came a dog or two looking as famished as himself. Several times he got caught in those awful blizzards that so frequently sweep the coast in winter, and once or twice barely escaped with his life.

One day Charles Allen and John had a most trying experience. They were caught in a blinding snowstorm on the unsheltered, barren headlands, only two miles from a neighbour's hut. They burrowed a hole in the snow for themselves and dogs with the aid of their sheath knives and snow-shoes, and there lay till the storm abated. Thus they passed the long and dreary night without freezing or suffering much from the cold.

The next morning they crawled out of their "igloo" and attempted to reach the nearest hut. But after travelling a few yards they were forced to abandon the idea and not being able to return they had to burrow another hole in the snowbank to afford shelter for another night.

The sheath-knife was lost and Charles now began cutting off the crust with his pocket-knife. He ordered John to begin digging; John, however, was too cold and exhausted to do anything and stood shivering while Charles did the work. He then threw John in and a couple of dogs with him and buried him up. It was a hard thing to bury a man alive, but that was the most merciful thing to do with him just then. It might be John's coffin and it might not, he thought. Charles then dug a hole for himself in which he remained till the following morning. At dawn he crawled out. By this time the wind had ceased and the sky had cleared beautifully. On looking around the only thing he saw was a dog's tail sticking up through the snow. Taking hold of the tail to pull the hungry dog out, as he thought, to his surprise he found only a tail, the dog had disappeared. Charles' hounds driven by starvation had killed John's during the night and eaten it, leaving nothing but the tail.

After some digging Charles discovered John, who, after spending practically forty-eight hours buried in the snow, was still sleeping away as soundly and comfortably as if his tired head were resting on a downy pillow. On being called he opened his eyes in amazement as one awakened after an hour's slumber.

Charles lifted him up but he was unable to stand; Charles made a dash for the hut and an hour later a

team of Eskimo dogs stopped by the apparently lifeless body of John White.

He was taken to the nearest hut and soon a warm fire and hot tea restored him. But the toes of one of his feet were so badly frost-bitten that their amputation was necessary. The nearest doctor was at Battle Harbour, three hundred miles farther south, and the critical task of cutting off the frozen toes was accomplished by an inexperienced man, whose only surgical instrument was a razor.

John suffered a great deal before his foot was well. However, he still continues his winter travels, and sometimes with almost similar experiences. Not so many years ago he was caught again in one of those dreaded storms and after wandering for hours he lighted upon an old, uninhabited shack that was full of snow and ice, where he lay and slept till the storm abated. As a consequence he contracted a cold which came very nearly costing him his life. The people on the coast say he will end his days in one of those storms, which he does not seem to have the genius to avoid.

I went back to Tickeraluk on January 26th, not much worse for the trip, but surely with a broader knowledge of the poverty-stricken people of Labrador, and with a deeper sympathy for the unfortunates of mankind.

CHAPTER XX.

AT PARADISE AGAIN.

On Monday, January 30th, we left Tickeraluk for Paradise. After spending some time at William Mugford's we went as far as Flatwaters, calling in at Tinker Harbour on the way. The people on this side of the bay were as poverty-stricken as those on the north side, but a detailed description here is unnecessary. Let us, however, in passing, look into the home of Mrs. Thomas Pottle at Plant's Bight. The hut was built by the side of a hill. After sliding down over the bank I had to stoop considerably to get through the low door. Mrs. Pottle was sitting at the table, but owing to the smoke in the hut and the effect of the sun upon my eyes, I could scarcely make her out at first. In a few moments I saw the old lady's wondering eyes looking up into mine. I told her who I was and she offered me a box on which to sit and rest.

The roof of the hut was made of rinds and the snow had weighed it down about two feet. It looked as if it might fall any moment. A rug which constituted their entire stock of bed-clothes was hanging on a line behind

the stove. There was not a bed of any kind in the one-roomed cabin. It was always a puzzle to me how these poor people escape from perishing during the long, cold, winter nights. All she had to offer us to eat was a bit of bread, but her son had gone to Cartwright which was thirty miles distant to get a pound of tea. No doubt Mr. Swaffield gave it to him.

What these people need is someone to teach them how to help themselves and to arouse in them a spirit of self-respect and independence. Dr. Grenfell has done excellent work along this line for the people on the north coast of Newfoundland and Southern Labrador, but little has been done to bring the people of Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay out of the "old rut."

Thursday we arrived at Cape Porcupine in a snowstorm. As usual I held a little service. Jerry decided to go back and I engaged George Davis to take me to Paradise. Despite the heavy fall of snow we reached Cartwright Friday afternoon and Saturday morning we started for Paradise, hoping to reach it that night. But owing to the heavy fall of snow we made slow progress and just at dusk we found ourselves still seven miles from Paradise and too tired to proceed farther. Arriving at Red Island we spent Sunday with the two Church of England families of this little settlement.

We found a poor sufferer at this place with her joints all thrown out of place with rheumatism. She had been a terrible sufferer for many years. It was a sad sight

to see this poor woman with no means of relief within reach. I often wished I had the skill of a physician when coming in contact with sickness and suffering. Perhaps there was no cure for this woman, but what we need in Labrador is a medical missionary. Such a man could prevent and alleviate a great deal of the suffering. The people on our extensive mission are out of the reach of the Deep Sea Mission doctor, and most of them seldom if ever see a medical man.

I gave the people two services on Sunday. They were visited once or twice a year by the Anglican missionary at Battle Harbour. Monday at noon we arrived at Paradise and received a hearty welcome from the generous people of that place.

I remained at Paradise two months, preaching twice on Sundays and holding two week-night meetings each week. A deep interest was taken in those meetings and great good done. Soon we began to have conversions and several more of the people of this place were brought into the conscious assurance of their acceptance with God.

It was at this time that my appetite almost failed me. After nearly two years my stomach stubbornly rebelled against the Labrador diet and but for the fact that I secured twenty-two pounds of venison from Charlie Pardy, a young man of the place, who was fortunate enough to kill a caribou, I am afraid I should have nearly starved. Scurvy, too, troubled me somewhat.

Rev. Mr. Gardiner, Anglican clergyman of Battle Harbour, visited Paradise at this time. He spent many years on the coast and was a faithful and conscientious worker. Like a true hero, unnoticed by the world, he wore himself out in the service of the Master among the needy people on the isolated coast of Labrador. Some years after this, owing to failing health, he was forced to leave.

The Doctor to the Deep Sea Mission stationed at Battle Harbour also visited Paradise late in March. The people thought that they were highly favored, having received a visit from a clergyman and a doctor all in one month.

I had made up my mind to travel along the coast as far as Red Bay, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, and take the mail-steamer there in May for Newfoundland.

I arranged with Charles Davis, of Goose Cove, to drive me there and to start on the first of April. On the preceding day Davis arrived at Paradise with the discouraging news that his dogs were taken down with some strange sickness and consequently he could not take me on my journey. I resolved, however, to go with him as far as his home at Goose Cove and work my way along the coast the best way I could.

That night I preached my farewell sermon at Paradise and next morning I started on my long, homeward journey.

CHAPTER XXI.

AROUND THE COAST ON KOMATIK

On my way to Cartwright, James Davis, who accompanied us there, promised to take me as far as Seal Islands, half the distance to Battle Harbour, and so we arranged for him to meet me at Goose Cove within two or three days. We had a little service at Cartwright that night and the next day proceeded to Goose Cove. I was not there long before I heard the howling of Eskimo dogs outside which indicated that a new team of dogs had arrived. On opening the door my friend James walked in and informed me that he could not fulfil his promise as his wife was not feeling well. "So," he said, "I must now get back again to my little family."

This was very disappointing but I determined to continue on my journey to Red Bay. To walk was out of the question; for I had to take with me my sleeping-bag, some good clothes to wear at Red Bay and St. John's, and also my second year's course of books, as I had to write my papers in the city. I hoped to have a month's study at Red Bay.

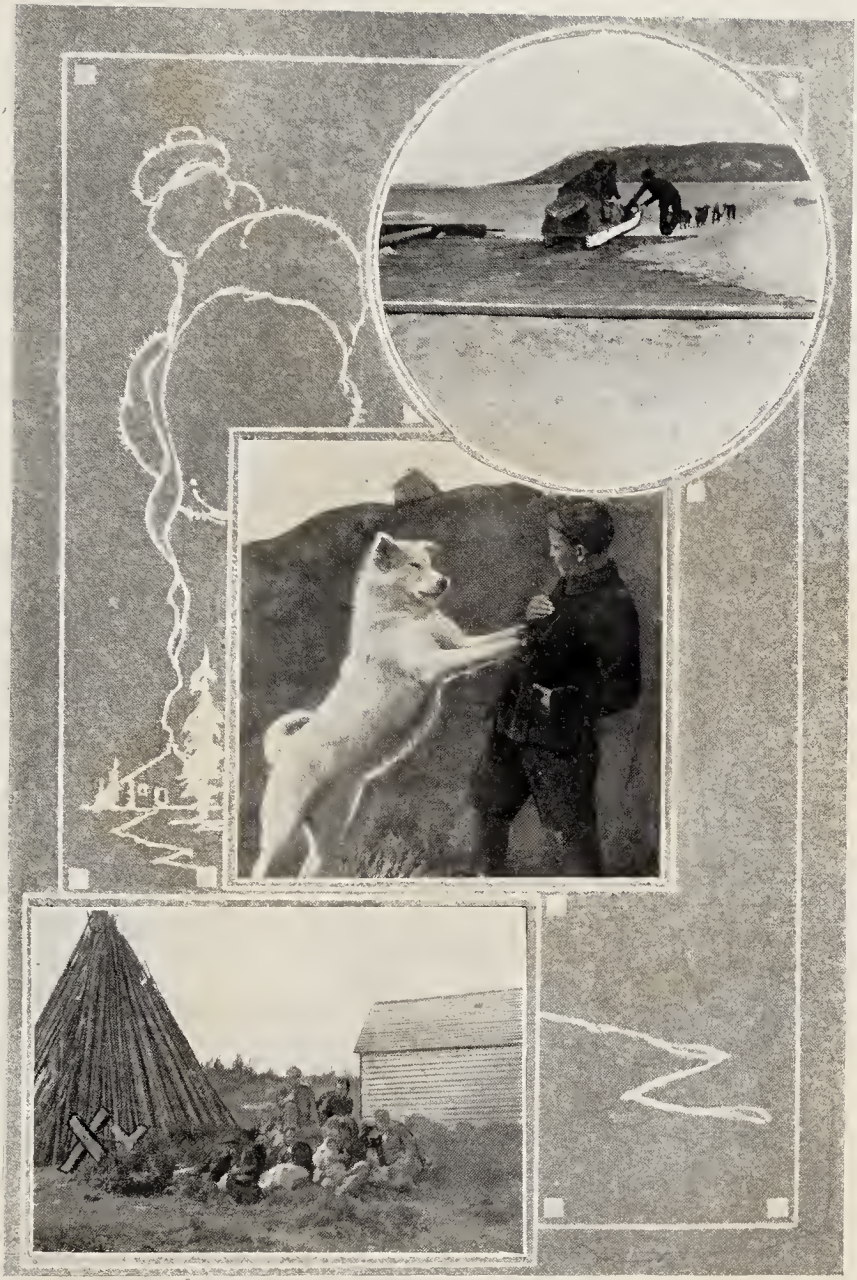
The following day Charles Davis drove me as far as Otter Brook and the next day John Davis put me along to Sand Hill. This was the most southern end of Hamilton Inlet Mission, while south of this was Church of England territory. I did not know the people along the coast as I had never visited south of Sand Hill. But I felt sure Mr. Gardiner's people would not see me stuck.

At Sand Hill all the men were away. I said to the woman of the house, "Is there no way for me to get along?"

"There is a young man yer," she replied, "from Salmon Point, and he is just going back."

I embraced the opportunity and went on with the boy. For fifteen miles we travelled at a rapid pace. The dogs were in good condition and though it looked as if a blizzard would soon sweep along the barren hills over which we were travelling we hoped to reach Salmon Point before it intercepted us. This was my birthday and my mind reverted to the experience of the previous birthday in Labrador, recorded in another chapter. Within two or three miles of the little settlement the storm broke upon us. But thanks to my guide and a kind Providence we reached safety before the storm had reached its height.

I went to the home of Mr. George Parr and found him in a very sad condition. His wife had died four years



(a) Ready for our trip by Komatik and Dog-train.
(b) A Typical Eskimo Dog. This Dog having Killed a Child was Destroyed.
(c) A Stack of Wood, the only Fuel Available in Labrador.

previously, and his only daughter was now lying dead in the house. The raging of the storm without only added to the gloom and sadness of the occasion. I tried to cheer the heart of the sorrowing father, who was glad that I had come. He was now left alone on the rugged coast without wife or daughter and he naturally felt it very keenly. The following day, Sunday, as the storm had in part spent itself, we laid to rest the body of the young woman.

On Monday a young man from Salmon Point drove me to Seal Islands, and next day a young man from the latter place drove me another twenty-five miles, which brought me as far as Venison Tickle. Thus I was getting along the coast quite nicely, and without much difficulty. The people were very kind and obliging.

At Venison Tickle I found an old Englishman, who had spent forty years in Labrador, dying with cancer in the throat. It was a real privilege to give the dying man a word of comfort and he was glad to see a preacher, though I did not belong to his church. In the face of death we are not particular about the name of the church; as long as the soul is blessed, what does it matter who brings the message?

The next day James Green, a young man, drove me to Sung Harbour where only two families resided. The dogs around the doors of the houses were numerous, however, and I suspected that I would have no trouble in getting to the next harbour.

I told one of the men who I was, but all the men declined to have anything to do with me. They would not ask me into their houses and absolutely refused to take me to the next settlement. I could not understand it for I had never received any treatment like that during my whole term on the coast. The people of Labrador are very respectful to all clergymen. Green would not go any further with me, and if I left all my stuff I could not find my way along alone.

It was twenty miles to William's Harbour and I tried my best to prevail on one of the men to take me there; I exhausted all my ingenuity and failed. I was stranded on an inhospitable coast. What could I do?

"Well, now," I said to one man, coaxingly, "for what will you take me to William's Harbour?" I was willing to pay almost anything in reason.

"Well, der," he replied, "give me a hundred dollars, and I'll tek yah."

The poor missionary could not pay that amount and I saw it was useless to try to persuade them any longer and I gave up in despair. There I was upon the bank yonder as helpless and as cornered as ever I had been in my life. Would not the kind Lord touch their hard hearts?

Looking around I saw an old man approaching me. He was walking fast and looked very excited. I wondered what it meant. Was he going to drive me off his premises? Stepping up by me, he said:

"You is the min'ter from Hamilton Inlet, is yah?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, well. I am sarry; I t'ought you was a runaway from the mell in Hamilton Inlet. Two are t'ree o' dem passed yer th' edder day, and I t'ought you was anudder of dem. Come in th' 'ouse and stay tonight, and you 'il git on to William's Harbour to mar, and it won't cos' yah a cent ider.

As these words left the old man's lips a great burden rolled from my heart, and I do not think I ever felt lighter hearted. The family now could not show me enough kindness and I admired them for the respect they had for a preacher of the gospel.

But my troubles were not all over; if the people were reconciled to me the dogs were not. As I entered the porch one of the great wolf-hounds began to show his teeth and snarl. Being accustomed to dogs I did not mind it much, but I ventured too near and he flew at me, and in a moment the whole savage pack was after me. I ran towards the other house and met the team from there. I gave a loud screech which brought all the folk there to my rescue and prevented the mad dogs from biting. I knew if they once got the taste of blood they would not stop till there was nothing left of me but bones. The woman living in the house to which I was running said to me after it was all over and the dogs had slunk away: "Our dogs was not goin' to hurt yah, sir; they was only goin' to tek yer part."

Yes, I thought, they meant to take my part, and a big part. You can never trust Eskimo dogs, even though you may be well used to them. Once they get the taste of blood there is no getting them away by stick, stone or whip.

I gave a sigh of relief the next morning when I felt myself being carried along at a rapid pace toward William's Harbour. Two teams were sent, one with myself and another with my stuff, and Mr. Ward would not charge me a cent for it. He was accustomed to take his own clergyman around for nothing. It is hard to forget kindness of that kind. Indeed it remains with one as a pleasant memory.

We arrived at William's Harbour a little before dusk. The following day—Good Friday—Thomas Russell and William Burton drove me on the komatik to Deep Water Creek, a small place seven miles from Battle Harbour. Here I again met Mr. Gardiner, who had not yet got back to his headquarters.

We had a splendid little service that night at the Creek, and the next day being Sunday, Mr. Gardiner and I divided the services between the small places near by. Monday I crossed to Battle Harbour with him in a boat manned by a large crew of hearty fishermen.

Still fifty miles lay between me and Red Bay. After several days' wait an opportunity of getting along came

and a hard day's row against a heavy wind with a crowd of brave young fellows brought me to Henley Harbour.

Early the following morning, 29th of April, we started on komatik for Red Bay. We were now getting up in the Straits, and just across the way there loomed up before me the island of Newfoundland. It was not quite two years, it was true, since I saw it last, but nevertheless I felt something swelling up in my throat.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land.
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!"

At dusk we shot down over the hill and into the basin of the comfortable little settlement of Red Bay, and I alighted from the komatik, feeling rather sorry that my journeyings on the coast were over.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAREWELL TO THE RUGGED COAST

At Red Bay there is a strong Methodist cause, and Mr. Grimes, who was then stationed there, and I were the only two Methodist missionaries on the extensive Labrador coast. Our stations were four hundred miles apart, and it was impossible to do anything like satisfactory work among the scattered people along a coast of about seven hundred miles.

Mr. Grimes was away on another part of his mission, and it was several days before he returned. How glad we were to meet each other! It was late when we retired that night. We both felt the truth of the wise man's words: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

I had met, and just for a few minutes, during the two years on the coast, only two Methodist ministers—one from the States, and the other the late Dr. Withrow of Toronto, who were making a round trip on the mail-steamer.

Mr. Grimes and I spent a happy time together. The mail-steamer was late in coming that year, and I had

six weeks of uninterrupted study. On the 11th of June the mail-steamer arrived at Red Bay, and with some feelings of regret, I bade farewell to the rugged coast.

Two solitary Methodist missionaries and two Anglican missionaries are still labouring on the extensive coast, striving to bring the simple message of the Gospel of Christ to the hearts of the simple and needy folk there. Let us breathe an occasional prayer that the blessing of God may rest upon them, their people and their work.

"It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?"

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